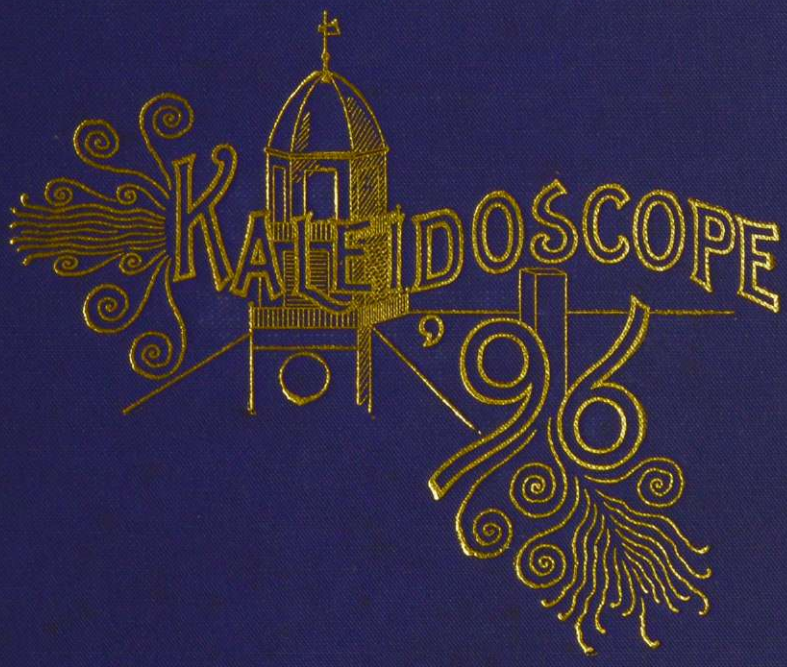
KALEIDOSCOPE
'96

Archives
S9
2
c.1

Anna Lou James.

The Rutland English and Classical Institute

Prepares young men and women for any college or professional school, in the most thorough manner, in the shortest possible time.

Read the following letter from Judge Clark of Castleton :

O. H. PERRY, ESQ., SEC'Y.

My Dear Sir : I wish to express my high appreciation of the work of the Rutland English and Classical Institute, and especially of the college preparatory department in which my son fitted for U. V. M.

For a pupil who desires to procure the best possible fit in the least possible time no institution of my acquaintance offers better facilities.

HENRY L. CLARK.

Castleton, Vt., Nov. 2, 1894.

For terms, catalogue, etc., address

O. H. PERRY, Principal,

RUTLAND, VT.

Van Ness House

N. A. WOODBURY, Proprietor.
W. N. CLARK, H. E. WOODBURY, } Managers.

BURLINGTON, VT.

On Lake Champlain.

The Van Ness has a new elevator and fire escapes. The basements, kitchen, etc., are protected by Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers.

The Rutland Herald,

The Leading Newspaper in Vermont.

All the news, local, state and general, and live and intelligent comment.

The Daily Herald Is a complete newspaper, and sold for $6 a year, $3 for six months, 50 cents for one month.

The Weekly Herald Is published Thursdays. It is the largest and best Weekly in Vermont, and is sold for $1 a year, in advance. Address

THE HERALD,

Rutland, Vermont.

Students of Middlebury

Read this letter from President Ballantine.

OBERLIN COLLEGE,
OBERLIN, OHIO.
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

December 6, 1894.

GENTLEMEN:—"I am much pleased that one of our students, Mr. Will L. Long, has been awarded the capital prize which *The Eagle Publishing Co.* offered to their student-agents the past summer, and that thus all of his necessary expenses for a college year are provided for. By offering prizes of this nature you are incidentally doing a great deal of good."

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) W. G. BALLANTINE.

It is a fact our student-agents averaged better than those of any other company. Mr. Long took as high as 85 orders in one week. For information as to what others did, address

THE EAGLE PUBLISHING CO,
ALBANY, N. Y.

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Modern Conveniences.
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Of Vergennes, make it their business to supply young men with the very best of goods. We claim to be the . . . . .

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Oculist and Aurist.

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OPPOSITE BERWICK HOUSE.

WILLIAMSON'S RIGS

ARE THE BEST.

We give special attention to Funerals.

GIVE US A TRIAL AND BE CONVINCED
THAT OUR SERVICE IS THE FINEST.

. . . . **Stables on Washington Street.**

ADVERTISE IN THE

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THE GREAT VERMONT NEWSPAPER.

It reaches the homes of thousands of native Americans, people with money to buy luxuries as well as necessities. . . . . .

W. B. GUY,

SCIENTIFIC OPTICIAN,

Visits Middlebury and adjoining towns.

PERMANENT HOME OFFICE, ... ***358 Broadway, SARATOGA, N. Y.***

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DRY GOODS...

We make a Specialty of Fine Dress Goods and Trimmings.
A Fine Assortment of Ladies' Jackets and Capes.

Opera House Block, - - RUTLAND, VT.

HOTEL LOGAN,

Middlebury, Vermont,

J. H. SARGENT, PROPRIETOR.

Rates: $1.00 per day for transients; $4.00 per week; $3.00 per week for table board. Special rates for students.

Good Livery connected with the House, and teams can be ordered and had at any hour desired, day or night.

THE

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK

Richard A. McCurdy, President.

Assets Jan. 1st, 1895, $204,638,783.96

Surplus " " " $ 22,523,327.82

This Company stands to-day the power of any Life Insurance organization in the World and offers to its policy holders Security, Protection and Profit in a degree that is approached by no other Company. Being purely Mutual in its organization every dollar of the vast sum belongs to its 300,000 members and its management to-day is an aggregation of the best financial ability this country can command.

This Company writes all forms of policies and its contracts are simple and free from all ambiguous terms.

The growth of its business in the past ten years has shown an increase in premium income of over 150 per cent, and of assets of nearly 100 per cent, and its payments to policy holders has reached the vast sum of $388,440,897.34.

THE BEST COMPANY IS THE ONE THAT DOES THE MOST GOOD.

Talk with **Cheney & Greene,**

Special Agents Mutual Life Insurance Co.,

Middlebury, Vermont.

Look at the group work in this book and judge for yourself about the photo work of Jackson, the Artist, of Middlebury, Vt. Prices right. Satisfaction or no pay.

The School Bulletin Teacher's Agency.

FACTS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

The following letter came to us unsolicited from a city where 24 of our candidates have been elected within the past seven years:

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, YANKTON, S. D., Oct. 23, 1893.

Mr. C. W. BARDEEN, Mgr. Teachers' Agency, Syracuse, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR: Congratulations are due for the efficiency and satisfactory condition of our City Schools. In a corps of eighteen members, eight, or 44 per cent., were engaged upon your recommendation, all now proving themselves to be progressive and skilled teachers. Being an active member of the board and serving on both the visiting and teachers' committees, I have taken something more than an ordinary interest in the organization of the corps, and in my opinion it has not been excelled if equaled in the past ten years. Our endeavor has been to reach the highest standard possible, and it is now no exaggeration to say that our efforts are not far from realization; hence these congratulations, which I am confident will be reciprocated.

Yours very truly, E. E. HUDSON, *Chairman Teachers' Committee.*

IT IS A FACT That not one desirable place in fifty is filled now-a-days except directly or indirectly through the medium of an Agency. Nearly all teachers holding responsible positions are themselves enrolled in one or more Agencies, and give to these Agencies immediate information of prospective changes. Hence an outside teacher has no chance to learn of vacancies. Before he hears of them they have been filled by candidates notified by some Agency. A progressive teacher could afford the annual fee for enrollment in an Agency for the information alone. He might not care to use it, but it is worth two dollars a year to know he has missed no opportunities he would like to know of.

THE BEST AGENCIES, however, do not depend on information alone. By repeated successes, by fair dealings, and through the influence of the teachers they have placed, they have won the confidence of school-boards and employing principals. There are hundreds of schools that systematically engage all their teachers through an Agency and will not consider applications through any other source. It is therefore no longer a question whether a teacher should join an Agency, but which Agency he should join.

MORAL... Send us two dollars, and your name will be entered at once and blanks forwarded to you to be filled up by you with the information necessary to secure you the place you are best fitted for.

THE SCHOOL BULLETIN AGENCY, C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

WHY NOT

Patronize a white man and take your LAUNDRY WORK to

JACKSON...THE ARTIST.

Who is agent for the Old Reliable BURLINGTON STEAM LAUNDRY, who have a reputation for first-class work.

Shirts, 10 cts.

Collars, } 2 cts. each.
Cuffs, }

HUNTLEY & HAMMOND,

PROPRIETORS.

College Students AND ALL OTHER

Young Men

Will do well to investigate the **Old Ætna's Policies** and plans before taking Life or Accident Insurance.

Agents Wanted.

G. F. NORTH, Manager,

...RUTLAND, VT.

S. E. Burnham,

INSURANCE AGENT,

RUTLAND, VT.

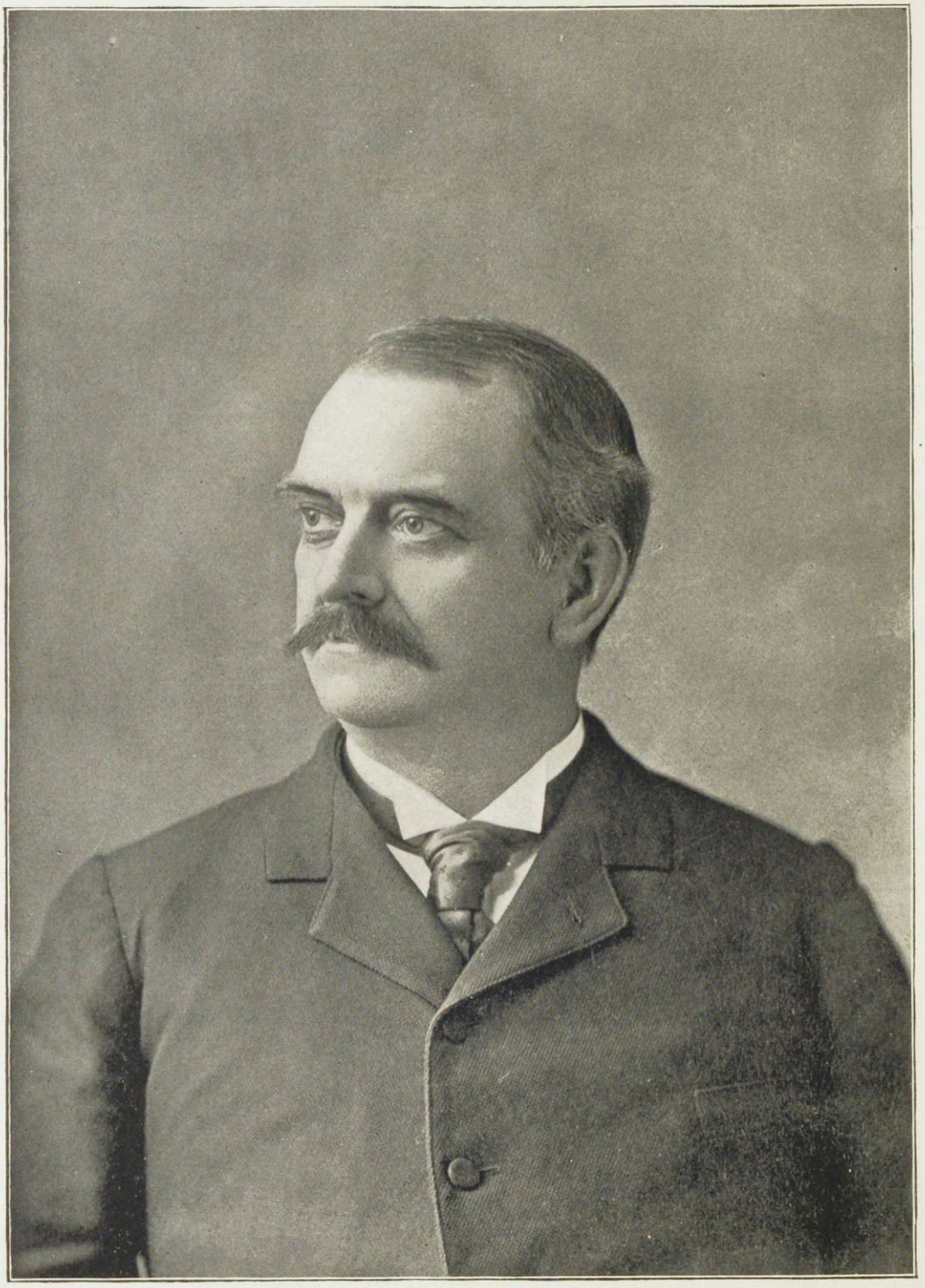
Economy in Dress.

Have you ever heard of Stein-Block Co.'s Wholesale Tailors, good clothes? Or do you think it worth while to pay a tailor twice the amount we charge for garments that are of the highest grade and guaranteed in make, and other details, by the makers and ourselves? If you don't know us you ought to—quite a satisfactory shopping place. Your money back if you want it, at

BARDY & WILSON,

Rutland.

Fair Haven.



John A. Mead

John Abner Mead.

JOHN Abner Mead was born in Fairhaven, Vt., on the 20th day of April, 1841. His ancestors were English and the family was an ancient and honorable one. He was the only child of Roswell R. and Lydia A. (Garham) Mead. His father was a successful farmer and merchant in West Rutland till his death in 1875. John A. Mead was educated in the common schools of West Rutland and at Franklin Academy, Malone, N. Y., graduating from Middlebury College in 1864 and in 1868 received his diploma of M. D. from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City. He immediately accepted a position as House Physician in the Kings County Hospital, remaining there until December, 1870, when he removed to Rutland, where he successfully practiced until 1888. At this time he was tendered a "chair" in the Medical Department of the University of Vermont, but he declined, having decided to retire from professional pursuits in order to give his whole attention to his extensive business interests. During his career in medicine, he was appointed Surgeon-General of the State on the staff of Gov. Redfield Proctor; was Medical Superintendent of the House of Correction from the time it was established till he gave up his profession; was a member of the Pension Examining Board for eight years, and was appointed Surgeon-General of the Vermont State Encampment of the G. A. R. in 1890. Dr. Mead is now one of the largest real estate owners in Rutland; was director and cashier in the old National Bank of Rutland for several years; was treasurer of the Rutland R. R. and director and treasurer of the Addison R. R. for nearly five years; director of the Clement National Bank since it was organized; vice-president of the State Trust Co. from its organization, and continued as such till January, 1894, when he was chosen its president. He is president of the New England Fire Insurance Co., of the P. E. Chase Mfg. Co.. of the John A. Mead Mfg. Co., and the Rutland Board of Trade and a trustee of Middlebury College. In 1888 he re-organized the Howe Scale Co. of Rutland, Vt., and is now president and executive officer of that corporation. In the administration of the financial and the supervision of the mechanical affairs of this company Dr. Mead has exhibited rare

executive ability. His watchful care of every detail and his judgment of human nature has enabled him to select competent assistants in the varied departments, and his untiring perseverance has contributed largely to the remarkable success of this industry.

He was elected to the State Senate in 1892 by a large majority, and during the session was made chairman of several committees; he was also successful in obtaining a charter incorporating Rutland as a city, and was subsequently made its first mayor, by over three-fourths of the total vote cast for the candidates of this office.

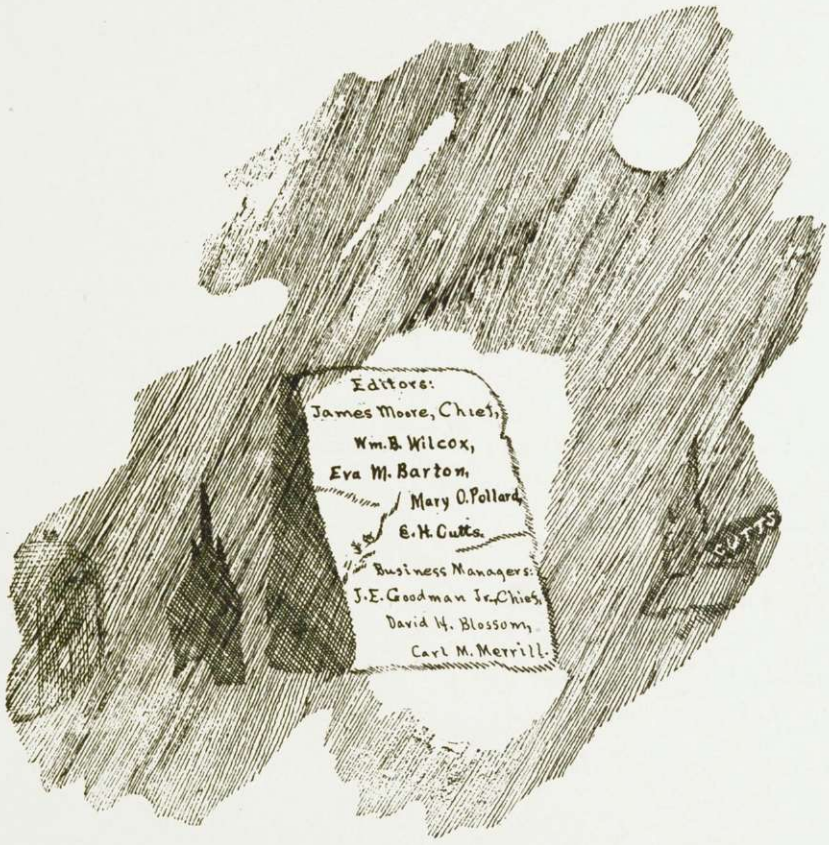
During the Rebellion, impelled by patriotic duty, Dr. Mead enlisted in Co. K, Twelfth Vermont Volunteer Regiment, serving in the campaigns of 1862 and 1863, and returning to college graduated with his class in 1864. He was a member of the staff of General Alger and of General Veasey when they were commanders-in-chief of the Grand Army. He is a member of Post Roberts, and is always interested in the welfare of the veterans. He was appointed by Governor Fuller one of the Commissioners from the State of Vermont to the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1892. In politics he is a republican.

He is a member of the Congregational church, and for many years has been one of the executive committee, and is vice-president of the Congregational Club of Western Vermont. He was united in marriage Oct. 30th, 1872, to Mary M., daughter of Hon. Wm. N. Sherman, a prominent citizen of Greenwich, R. I. Dr. and Mrs. Mead have one child—Mary Sherman Mead.

Dr. Mead is most emphatically one of that large class of New Englanders who are the sole architects of their reputation and fortunes, having acquired his academic education by his own efforts in the school-room and on the farm. In every respect he is a typical self-made man, with all the energy and perseverance which the name implies, and the consequent successful result.

Prologue.

Oh, ye to whom it most concerns,
Lo, here the fire of Genius burns,
Now as you turn these pages bright
Its brilliancy may dim your sight,
And should you look with unkind eyes
Go right ahead and criticise.
We've done our best—so *very* well
That now quite off the earth we dwell,
And in the Garden of the Gods
We rest secure, so what's the odds?


Editors:
James Moore, Chief,
Wm. B. Wilcox,
Eva M. Barton,
Mary O. Pollard,
E. H. Cutts.
Business Managers:
J. E. Goodman Jr. Chief,
David H. Blossom,
Carl M. Merrill.

Preface.

IN presenting this work, it is to be understood that no attempt has been made to reach high literary merit or deep and profound thought. We have aimed rather to please and amuse the student body ; and to reflect a little of the brightness of our college life for the benefit of such of our alumni as would like to see their Alma Mater as she is to-day.

We wish to acknowledge our gratitude to all those who have assisted and encouraged us at our task, and especially are thanks due to our class-mate, Guy C. Lamson, whose rare business ability coupled with his unselfish zeal did much to ensure the financial success of our undertaking.

A Retrospect.

IN glancing back over the life of our college and turning the leaves of musty books in search of curious bits of history, there was found a little package which demanded more than passing notice. It was a complete file of the KALEIDOSCOPE. Dating back only twenty-two years, as the volumes were from time to time issued, they give us glimpses of the inner life at "Dear Old Midd" which could in no other way be obtained.

Let me quote from the preface of the first edition, published in 1873-74 by the senior class. "It is only an echo of college life, a wandering ray from a student's bower that comes to greet you. Behind the curtain of college life much there is that will bear recital —much that need not be told. But within these pages the veil has been lifted; you behold the painted gleam of a student's life. Through the KALEIDOSCOPE you behold the true landscape, ever changing in form and color." Thus was set forth in the first number the aim of this annual—the showing forth in the varying forms of the phrases of college life as experienced in our college. How well this purpose has been carried out may be best judged by him who watches closely the inner life of the college body and reads with understanding its interpretation in the annual.

The first volume consisted of 48 pages, mostly devoted to the classes and miscellaneous organizations. The second of 57 pages was issued by the following senior class in 74-75; the four succeeding senior classes issued numbers; then a break was made till one was issued by the class of '81. In '87 an important change was made, and the annual was published by the junior instead of the senior classes, the first being issued by the class of '87. Vol. IX, was published by the succeeding class; Vol. X, by the class of '89; Vol. XI, by the class of '90; and Vol. XII, by the class of '94.

These twelve volumes have gone forth year by year carrying to the alumni messages from their alma mater; to the parents glimpses of the ties of friendship and comradeship which bind their children to the college and cause a feeling of good fellowship to be manifested toward any one who wishes it well; to other colleges an insight into our joys and our sorrows, our work and our pleasures.

And, as in the instrument from which this book is named never twice is the same form presented or the same colors blended, so has it been and so will it be as long as this book shall go upon its errand. For college life is a varying thing and can be presented truly only in varying forms. And, though the customs here and the outward forms may change, yet may our college stand as it ever has stood, a bulwark of true knowledge, which is Knowledge of the Truth.

The Past Year.

DURING the past year our old and stately college has undergone many and extensive changes. The faculty has been altered and increased, the courses broadened, and the conveniences of the buildings greatly improved.

We now have the long wished for chair of Modern Languages, provided for by the Morton Scholarship. This department is under the supervision of Prof. Theodore Henckels, a former instructor in Harvard University.

The course in required French and German has been improved, and a complete elective course established.

The departments of Physics, Astronomy and Higher Mathematics are ably conducted by Prof. Ernest C. Bryant, a graduate of Middlebury in the class of '91, and a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the class of '93.

The chair in Latin, recently vacated by the resignation of Prof. A. L. Janes, is now filled by Prof. Myron R. Sanford, a graduate of Wesleyan University.

All courses have been broadened and enlarged, especially the languages and sciences.

Numerous and much-needed improvements have been made about the college buildings. The first and greatest is the removal of the old-fashioned wood stoves and substituting a modern steam-heating apparatus.

Both the Chapel and Painter Hall are now heated throughout by one of the largest and most complete steam-heating plants in the State.

In the Chapel proper, electric lights have been placed, thereby enabling the newly-established course of lectures to take place in that building.

In the Chemical Laboratory extensive improvements have been made. Twelve new work tables, with running water and all the necessary equipments, have been added, together with extensive apparatus for qualitative and quantitative analysis. Electric lights have also been placed in this compartment.

On the third floor of the Chapel building, a large and commodious room has been fitted up and furnished as a study-room for the

young ladies. In front of this is the new Y. M. C. A. room The old Y. M. C. A. and the room adjacent have been joined and fitted for the instructor in Modern Languages.

The changes in Painter Hall are even more extensive than in the Chapel building.

In the south division the old wood work has been replaced by new. The reading-room has been remodeled and enlarged. On the second floor a convenient locker-room for the gymnasium has been finished off and across the hall is the bath-room with all the new and modern equipments. The stairway leading to the gymnasium has been removed from the center and placed upon the side, thereby nearly doubling the floor capacity, an improvement which has long been needed. In the middle division of Painter Hall the ground floor has been fitted for an English recitation room and also a consultation room connected with the library, together with a private room for the librarian. On the second floor is the faculty room, which is nicely finished and furnished. The remainder of this division is composed of five dormitories, all of which are heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

The Library has been newly catalogued and rearranged, and is under the supervision of the Assistant Librarian, Miss Annie L. Ritchie. Electric lights have also been placed in position, thereby enabling a more extended use of the Library during the winter months.

Many other minor improvements have been made which add greatly to the beauty of the college and the facilities for instruction; all of which go to prove that our old and honored institution is not merely a relic of antiquity, but a modern and prosperous college.

FACULTY.

EZRA BRAINERD, LL.D., PRESIDENT.
Professor of Mental and Moral Science.

HENRY MARTYN SEELY, A. M., M. D.,
Burr Professor of Natural History.

WILLIAM WELLS EATON, A. M.,
Professor of Greek Language and Literature.

WALTER EUGENE HOWARD, LL.D.,
Professor of History and Political Science.

THOMAS EMERSON BOYCE, A. M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

CHARLES BAKER WRIGHT, A. M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

MYRON REED SANFORD, A. M.,
Professor of Latin Language and Literature.

WILLIAM WESLEY McGILTON, A. M.,
Professor of Chemistry.

THEODORE HENCKELS, S. B.,
Morton Professor of Modern Languages.

ERNEST CALVIN BRYANT, S. B.,
Professor of Physics and Mathematics.

HARRY EDWARD WELLS, B. S.,
Assistant in Chemistry.

HENRY GAINES HAWN, A. B.,
Instructor in Elocution.

C. B. WRIGHT,
Librarian.

ANNIE LAWRENCE RITCHIE, A. B.,
Assistant Librarian.

CALENDAR.

1894.

June 27th. —Commencement — Wednesday.

SUMMER VACATION OF ELEVEN WEEKS.

September 13th.— Fall term began — Thursday.

December 18th.— Fall term ends — Tuesday.

WINTER VACATION OF TWO WEEKS.

1895.

January 3d.— Winter term begins — Thursday.

March 26th.— Junior exhibition — Tuesday evening.

March 26th.— Winter term ends — Tuesday.

SPRING VACATION OF ONE WEEK.

April 4th.— Spring term begins — Thursday.

June 23d.— Baccalaureate Sermon;

Anniversary of the Y. M. C. A.— Sunday.

June 25th.— Anniversary of the Associated Alumni — Tuesday.

June 26.—Commencement — Wednesday.

June 27th.— Examination of Candidates for Admission — Thursday.

SUMMER VACATION OF ELEVEN WEEKS.

September 12th.— Fall term begins — Thursday.

The Lecture Course.

Winter 1894-'95

November 14 — PROFESSOR W. W. EATON—Delphi—(Illustrated.)

November 23 — PRESIDENT KOONS, of the Connecticut State Agricultural College — The Yellowstone Park — (Illustrated.)

December 7 — PROFESSOR WALTER E. HOWARD — The True Socialism.

January 12 — PROFESSOR BRAINERD KELLOGG, of Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute — The Ministry of Literature to our Feelings.

January 25 — PRESIDENT EZRA BRAINERD — Types of European Character.

February 1 — DR. JAMES L. BARTON — The Ottoman Empire.

February 15 — PROFESSOR MYRON R. SANFORD — Pompeii — (Illustrated.)

February 26 — REV. D. SAGE MACKAY — Scottish Folk-Lore.

March 15 — PROFESSOR THEODORE HENCKELS — The Moral Problem of Faust.

March 23 — J. G. RIGGS, Superintendent of Schools, Plattsburgh — Tennyson.

April 17 — MR. EDWIN L. TEMPLE — Shakespeare — The Man and his Art.

May 3 — REV. GEORGE W. PERRY — Petra, the Enchanted City —(Illustrated.)

Middlebury College

Seniors.

Class Colors:
Pink and Mahogany.

Class Cheer:
Wah hoo! Wah hoo!
Let her drive,
Midd-Midd-Middlebury,
Ninety-five!

Class Officers.

President,	CHARLES L. LEONARD.
Vice-President,	EARL L. CUSHMAN.
Secretary,	BLANCHE A. VERDER.
Treasurer,	LOCKWOOD M. SEELY.
Toastmaster,	GEORGE S. WRIGHT.
Poet,	WALTER S. GRANT.
Orator,	CHARLES A. ADAMS.
Historian,	HEDLEY A. VICKER.
Prophet,	GEORGE C. DOUGLASS.

IT seems hardly possible that nearly four years have passed since our class first assembled in chapel. The time has gone so rapidly that we can hardly realize that we are seniors. But as we look around for the familiar faces of those who were in the classes ahead of us, we find that they are missing. One by one the classes have left us, until now we are alone. Those who were here when we entered college are gone, and others have come to fill their places. Now our commencement is fast approaching when we shall also say farewell.

But as our minds wander in revery back over the past, many amusing incidents loom up before us. The Saturday morning rushes, the cane rush, stealing of the chapel bell, the decoration of the mathematical room, the conferring of our master degree cum laude, and the many other episodes all endear our college days to us. We were full of life and fun and had to show it in some way or other. Yet our regular work was not neglected, even if we took time for manual training.

How well some of us can remember what a task we had ransacking dictionaries and our knowledge of the classics for a motto. After much deliberation and discussion we decided upon "Nunc insurgite remis." We have followed this motto and have always pulled together and with a strong stroke. Our class-meetings have been remarkably free from petty jealousies and rivalries. Of course we

have had differences of opinion, but, after the majority decided, all worked in harmony again.

We look back with pleasure upon our banquets, and the many good times we have had together. We miss some who were with us at the first, but they have been called from us, not by death but by the active duties of life. We are proud of our class and of what it has accomplished. We are proud of its members and of their records. Now we are going out as Freshmen, into life, but we hope that before we are through, Middlebury will be proud of us.

In after years when time and care
  Has furrowed deep our brows,
And when among the dusky locks
  We find the silver there,
With pleasure we will sit and dream
  As night comes on apace
Of halcyon days and memories
  Which time can ne'er efface;
Our hearts grown weary with the strife
  On life's battle-field of woe
Will throb with manly sentiment,
  As the pictures come and go.
We will tell our little grandson
  Of those days at dear old Midd,
And how the President was vexed
  When the chapel bell was hid;
We'll tell him of John Barlow,
  Who, on a winter's ride,
Was sore tempted to embrace
  The fair damsel at his side;
We'll tell him of those turkey-fiends,
  George Douglass and Charlie Ross,
And how the worthy Roman priest
  Suffered loss on loss;
And how the boys on moonlight nights
  Upon the river went,
And shot from Cupid's quiver
  Till the arrows all were spent;
And how the naughty maidens
  To each other would relate
The story of those broken hearts (?)
  And each melancholy fate.
We'll tell the boy of Scotty
  With his dramatic air,
With what zeal and zest he'd orate
  And drive us to despair;
Of Charles Albertus Adams,
  From whatever point of view
Could see but two known colors,
  And these were gold and blue;
And how Gen. Grant once disappeared
  And left behind no clues,
But seemed to know on his return
  The market price of shoes.
When the darkness lowers and deepens
  And the embers no longer glow,
We will cease our recollections
  Of those days of long ago,
And return to the world of turmoil
  And take up the thoughts of the day,
Which the dreams of our college freedom
  Had banished far away.

96
VEL EXPLORATE VEL VIAM FACITE
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

Juniors.

Class Colors:
White, Pink and Dark Heliotrope.

Class Cheer:
Sis Boom! Sis Boom!
Rilly, Rally, Rix,
Rah, Rah for Middlebury,
Rah for Ninety-six!

Class Officers.

President,	E. M. Roscoe.
Vice-President,	Miss Cora A. Brock.
Secretary,	Miss C. M. Swiney.
Treasurer,	A. C. Wales.
Toastmaster,	C. E. Fitzpatrick.
Prophet,	H. E. Foster.
Poet,	Miss Ava Hawley.
Historian,	E. H. Cutts.
Orator,	J. P. Halnon.
Base Ball Captain,	C. W. Prentiss.
Foot Ball Captain,	C. E. Fitzpatrick.

IT has now become accepted as a fact that a history should not be simply the record of mere events brought to a culmination by some leader, but also the details of the causes that led to such issues. With this in view such fortunes as have befallen the class of '96 will be detailed.

In the fall of 1892, A. D., there came to Middlebury and registered at the college there eight ladies and twenty-three gentlemen. After experiencing the usual fates customary on such occasions they were portioned off among the numerous literary societies existing there. Shortly after this the class was requested to remain after a recitation, and at this time chose Mr. Davis, president, Miss Ware, secretary, and Mr. Sniffen, treasurer. There was during the first term some little contentions with the sophomore class, owing to the

childish natures of a majority of that class. Internally there were numerous conflicts, two of which may be mentioned, as they were a transgression of recognized customs. The first was the abolition of the cane rush. In regard to the cane rush the class was divided into three factions; i. e., those who favored a cane rush, those who did not favor a cane rush and those who neither favored or disfavored a cane rush. The upper classes worked upon the last element, but the president of the college in some remarks addressed to the class expressed disapproval of the custom. The party who did not favor the cane rush immediately seized upon this as an opportunity and in the end succeeded. The second custom abolished was that of having a class picture taken. This was a very pretty custom and deserved a better fate. The ladies of the class played the most conspicuous part, although unconsciously, in effecting this result. As a matter of fact the girls of '96 are as pretty and charming a set of young ladies as is possible to find anywhere. Some of the boys of the class thought themselves slighted by the feminine portion, and to show their total indifference to everything and everybody refused to sit for their photographs, and this as later events prove has abolished the custom forever. This term the class lost one member, Thomas Gifford.

The following term the excitement in which the sophomores were a party ran high, while internally there was the greatest harmony. The chief events were the sophomore class supper, at which time that class showed an astounding stupidity by allowing their means of transportation to be taken from them, as it were, by the boys of '96. In fact, there is a great similitude between the sophomores' position and that of Sancho Panza, who allowed his ass to be stolen while he slept astride it. The other event was the supper of the class itself. This was held at the Bardwell House, Rutland, and was attended by every member who did not have pressing engagements elsewhere. Henry Foster presided as toastmaster, and the evening and banquet were greatly enjoyed.

The spring term was very quiet, but was marked by the abolition

of another time-honored custom. A paper called the *Aphrodite* was published weekly during the term, and at the end paid all its bills in full. This abolished the custom, as later events indicate, that the student body are not responsible for such debts as they, as a body, contract. This term the class lost four members, Watson Wasson, Earnest Sniffen, Clymer B. Long, Daniel Taylor, and gained one, H. Parker Williamson.

As time passed on the class came back from their long vacation and commenced business as sophomores. At their first meeting they chose David Blossom, president, Mabel Ware, secretary, and Alice Tyler, treasurer. With the exception of sundry discipline inflicted upon the class of '97, all things flowed smoothly and peaceably along.

In the winter term, however, a deep reform movement swept over the class. Reform is an indefinable outburst which sweeps periodically over everything human, and it did not pass by on the other side when it met this class. The various views of reformation were embodied in a pamphlet which was distributed to the public on an occasion when certain ones of the class of '95 were giving representations of students delivering junior exhibition orations. Subsequently, great anguish was experienced by some of the class of '96 and these especially declared that, though the pale moon turned red as blood and the stars fell from their positions in the heavens, they will never, no never, again turn reformers. The class also indulged in an informal ride and supper, Mr. Blossom presiding as toastmaster.

The spring term was without incident of special note. Harmony reigned both without and within.

When the class met in the fall of 1894 they chose E. M. Roscoe, president, Albert C. Wales, treasurer, and Caddy M. Swiney, secretary. Early in the first term it was decided to issue the Annual, which could be more properly called Biennial, and James Moore was chosen editor, supported by James Goodman, business manager. This year the class lost one member, Leroy C. Russell, who was taken sick with the typhoid fever in the fall term and did not recover sufficiently to attend during the remainder of the year.

Of college days, life's sparkling wine,
How quick we drain the glass !
Soon scattered wide, oh comrade mine,
We'll be no more a class.

No more a class in college halls
But in the great world's strife,
Still learning surely one and all
The mysteries of life.

We know not what the books will be,
The silent uncut leaves
Tell naught of what our eyes shall see
Or what the Future weaves.

But read we mirth or sadness,
Whatever meets our gaze ;
We'll ne'er forget the gladness
And the joy of college days.

With the coming of September,
And the Autumn glory bright,
Pleasant scenes we'll all remember,
Changing with the year's swift flight.

Days when Profs. reviewed our ranks,
Nights when burned the midnight oil,
Freshman rushes, Sophomore pranks,
Moments when we banished toil.

Whatsoe're we find remaining,
Still advancing day by day,
Loftier heights let us be gaining,
" We will find or make a way."

With this watchword of our band,
Hastening onward let us fix
Mid the noblest of the land
Our fair banner, '96.

THE Class of '96 issued an original publication each year which was peculiar to themselves and such as had never before been published in the history of the college, and very probably will not be published by any class for many years yet to come. Each publication is duly illustrated on the succeeding pages.

'Η ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗ.

VOL. I, No. 5. MIDDLEBURY, VT., MAY 9, 116, I. U. S. A. 5 Cents per Copy.

THE FIRE.

The fire alarm rang about 9 o'clock Saturday night, and with commendable promptitude the fire companies hastened to the scene When they arrived Smith & Piper's manufacturing establishment was already enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

Six streams of water were soon playing upon the building, but as there was little wind and the fire was well kept under control, though it could not be extinguished until the roof fell in, the building was entirely destroyed. The machinery, however, was not much harmed.

The people were early upon the scene, and from the steps of the Addison County Bank, store and the Logan House, from the bridge and other points, watched with interest the progress of the fire, and many were the unfavorable comparisons drawn between it and the big fire of a year ago. The presence of so many fair ones doubtless urged the firemen to greater exertions, and right manfully did they labor. The result shows that Middlebury's fire-extinguishing apparatus is able to handle a fire in good shape.

As usual, the students were there among the first, and some of them did splendid work in the battle with the devouring element. The students have often proved their coolness and are always ready to help. If they had a fire they surely fail to have upon the fire. Every student fire [illegible] 'clock, [illegible] train was passing [illegible] reporter, with [illegible] enterprise, was at once [illegible] scene. Immediately after the alarm our noble co-eds. turned out to the rescue. From the very first they worked with crow-bars, pick-axes, sledge hammers and wheelbarrows, clearing away the wreck, pulling the loaded cars out of the river and rescuing the imperilled train hands. They stopped hardly to eat their dinner, even cutting their recitations at the college. If there lives a person who sneers at co-education, that individual would have repented in sack-cloth and ashes if he could have seen these heroines wading through the swift-flowing river, now tossing a loaded car upon the bank, now a portion of the bridge and again tenderly carrying some poor wounded train-hand ashore. Our photographer was on the scene, but owing to the cloudy weather was unable to obtain a picture, which, if we could have published, would speak much louder than words. With all the noble endeavors of our heroic co-eds. trains were not able to cross the stream on the newly constructed trestle till Sunday night. But we think this great delay in rebuilding the bridge cannot be wholly charged against the co-eds., as the railroad company, for some unknown reason, sent a gang of 500 men to the scene of the accident and doubtless this mob got in the way of our co-eds. and delayed matters considerably.

'Η ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗ.
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G. R. RIGGS.....Cashier.

ATHLETICS.

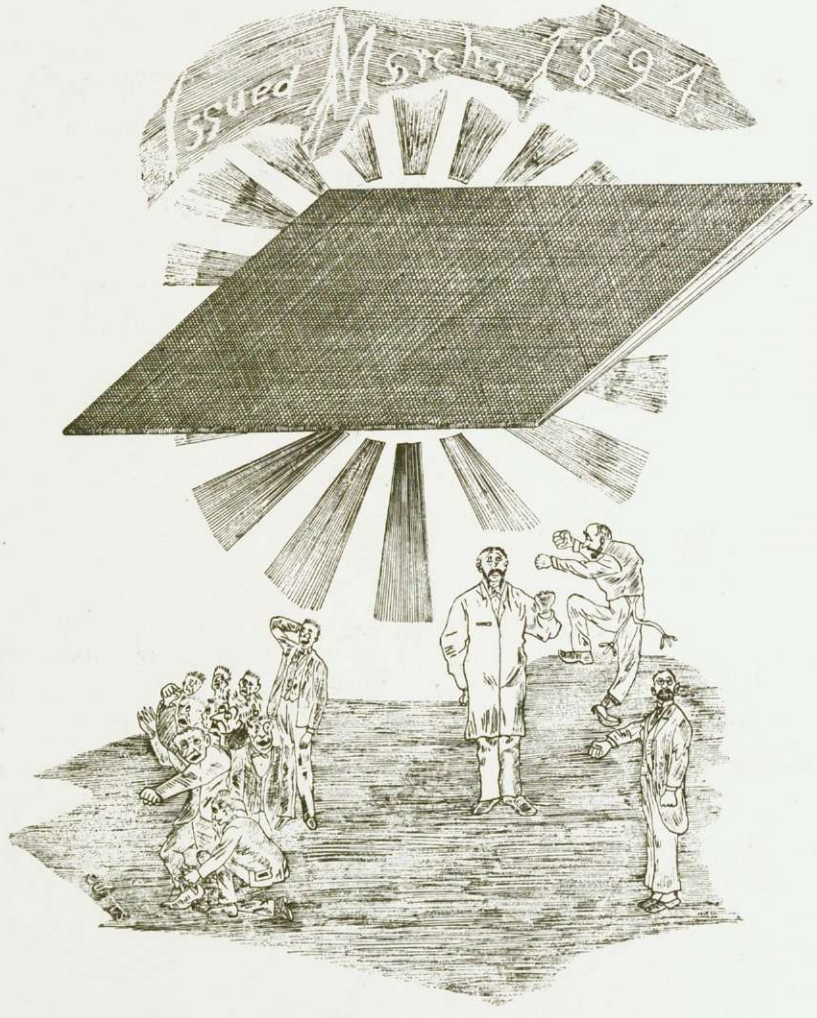
A meeting of the Athletic association was held Monday morning in college chapel. A motion was carried to charge an admission fee of 25 cents to all students except those who belong to the college team. While the financial condition of the association may be in a very tottering condition, nevertheless, it seems unreasonable to again appeal to those students who have already contributed all they can afford for the support of the ball team; besides, we were given to understand that by paying our athletic dues we would be admitted free of charge to all games. The business of the last meeting was certainly outside the bounds of modesty or reason, and if all the members of the association had been present the motion would have been ruled out.

BASE-BALL

TO-DAY

at 3 p. m.

On College Campus


Issued March 1894

'96 Base Ball Team.

G. C. LAMSON, - - - - - - - Manager.
C. W. PRENTISS, - - - - - - Captain.
JAMES MOORE, - - - - - - - Scorer.

D. H. BLOSSOM, 1st b.
C. E. FITZPATRICK, 3d b.
H. E. FOSTER, 2d b.
J. E. GOODMAN, c.
J. P. HALNON, sub.
W. B. WILCOX, r. f.
G. C. LAMSON, p.
C. W. PRENTISS, l. f.
G. R. RIGGS, s. s.
E. M. ROSCOE, c. f.

Games Played.

Season '94.

	OPPONENTS.	'96
Brandon Hustlers, at Brandon, - - - -	15	13
Brandon Hustlers, at Brandon, - - -	19	21
Plattsburgh, at Vergennes, - - - - -	11	1
Middlebury High School, at Middlebury, - -	3	7
Bristol, at Bristol, - - - - - - -	25	17
	73	59

'96's First Rush.

The Freshmen and the Sophs
Got into an awful muss;
The Sophs, they got the worst of it,
And out of the room were rushed.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! hurrah! for '96!
With Sophomores we seldom mix.

The "Sullivan" of '95
Did with the Freshmen madly strive,
Till Wasson with his mighty muscle
Did out of the room poor Wilson hustle.

CHO.—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

The heavy men of '96
Came down on the Sophs. like a ton of bricks;
When suddenly Janes, with a smile serene,
Indignant gazed on the bloody scene.

CHO.—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

By his pink shirt-collar Prof. seized poor Scott,
Then cast him forth and spared him not.
Those white pants mopped the dusty floor
As Sniffin rolled him o'er and o'er.

CHO.—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

The gray plug hat that caused the trouble
Floated about like a great soap-bubble,
Till Barlow, tucking it under his arm,
Darted up-stairs and was safe from harm.

CHO.—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

When the co-eds saw his terrible plight,
His rumpled hair and face so white,
They crowded around in fear and dismay,
And tenderly wiped his tears away.

CHO.—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

At the end of the fray that is here related
The Sophomores were annihilated;
With mournful howls they rent the air,
Then slowly climbed the chapel stair.

CHO.—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

MORAL.

Whatever a Freshman wishes to do,
Is of no consequence, Sophs., to you.
Just get your friends to help you through;
We Freshmen can "paddle our own canoe."

Junior Statistics.

	Nick Name.	Character.	Favorite Beverage.	Accomplishment.	Favorite Occupation.	Favorite Author.	Future Occupation.
Blossom	"Rosey"	Amative.	Sour milk.	Opening Clams.	Housekeeping.	Stewart.	Cowboy.
Davis	"Chauncey II."	Secretive.	Cistern water.	Telling stories.	Theatre-going.	Van Daell.	Stump Speaker.
*Cutts	"Jockey."	Original.	Anything.	Of every kind.	Working.	Bunyan.	Playing the Golden Harp
Edgerton	"Marcus Minucius."	Wild.	K Ó H.	Volubility.	Smoking.	Moses.	Ballet dancer.
Fitzpatrick	"Fitzy."	Ferocious.	Kerosene.	Flirting.	Curling his hair.	Pierce.	Brass band leader.
Foster	"Hank."	Effeminate.	N. H. O. H.	Prevaricating.	Reciting.	Smith.	Counterfeiter.
Goodman	"Good."	Sportive.	Stephens House Punch.	Smiling.	Plugging.	Harriet, B. S.	Milliner.
Halnon	"Paddyrowski."	Smokey.	Grape Juice.	Give it up.	Preaching.	Wentworth.	Grave digger.
Lamson	"Lammie."	Rammish.	Milk.	Silence.	Studying Zoology.	Bob Ingersoll	Sheepshearer.
Merril	"Mabel."	——istic.	Toddy.	Talking Greek.	Working.	Kingsley.	Bartender.
*Moore	"Jim."	Industrious.	Coffee.	Too numerous to mention.	Doing his duty.	Webster.	U. S. President.
Munroe	"Tippy."	Kiddish.	Lime water.	Smashing.	Special-izing.	Munroe.	Brimstone shoveller.
Prentiss	"Prent."	Forward.	Rum.	Crocheting.	Sliding down bannisters.	"Pansy."	Woman's Right's Lecturer.
Riggs	"Shorty."	Indefinite.	Sarsaparilla.	Monkeying.	Writing.	Paley.	College President.
Roscoe	"Teddy."	Girlish.	Sweet Side Her.	Heart-breaking.	Boat riding.	Brown-ing.	"Single Blessedness."
*Wilcox	"Willie."	All comprehensive.	Tea.	Innumerable.	Preaching and Practising.	Shakespeare.	Chief Justice.
Williamson	"Hi Parker."	... ...	Lye.	Rhyming.	Dreaming.	Ros-etti.	Hairdresser.
Wales	"Prince."	Brash.	Oil of Cedar.	Blushing.	?	Thucydides.	Wire puller.
*Mrs. Barton	"May I not."	Perfect.	Water.	Singing.	Writing.	Lamb.	Poet Laureate.
Miss Brock	"Cody."	Surprising.	Sanfords Ginger.	Smiling.	Eating.	Has no favorite.	Housekeeper.
Miss Hawley	"Deliberation."	Enigmatical.	Sham pain.	Flunking.	Dreaming.	Hinds.	Advocate of Woman's Rights.
*Miss Pollard	"Polly."	Saintlike.	Cocoa.	Work.	Reading.	Homer.	Novelist.
Miss Roseman	"Blossom."	Pugilistic.	Lake Champlain Water.	Swiping.	Pinching.	David.	Opera singer.
Miss Swiney	"Mac."	Contradictory.	Beef, Iron and Wine.	Writing notes.	Fishing.	Anyone.	Stenographer.
Miss Tyler	"Pill."	Steel(e).	Peppersauce.	Whispering.	Criticising.	Emerson.	Scientist.
Miss Ware	"Hasty Pudding."	Earnest.	Vinegar.	Dressing dolls.	Making candy.	Bryant.	Doctor-ess.

*Editors.

SAEPE STYLUM VERTAS
MIDDLEBURY

Sophomores.

Colors :
Nile Green and Shell Pink.

Class Yell :
Brek ke ko wex,
Ko ax ko even,
Midd-Midd-Middlebury,
Ninety-seven !

Class Officers.

President,	J. A. CADWELL.
Vice-President,	MISS M. E. DUNBAR.
Secretary,	MISS F. C. ROCKWOOD.
Treasurer,	E. G. BRIDGHAM.
Toastmaster,	C. P. KIMBALL.
Prophet,	A. C. PARKHURST.
Poet,	MISS E. C. GORDON.
Historian,	MISS H. D. GEROULD.
Orator,	M. D. WHITNEY.

IN the dim archives of memory are stored away certain annals, which are by no means chimerical dreams, although they are not such true histories as those transcribed by Clio. As the Muse unrolls her scroll, many interesting events are found recorded, but none so attractive at the present time as the chronicles of the class of '97. Unfortunately, some places are torn away, and others almost obliterated, nevertheless, the principal facts still remain, similar to these recorded below.

It was a momentous day in the history of Middlebury College when the class of '97 first took its seat within her halls of learning. So great wisdom did they display even at first, that townspeople, students, and even faculty looked upon them in amazement and wondered whence so much knowledge had come.

Somewhat reserved were they at first, caring to mingle little with the populace, and, like Orpeus of old, had such a power of enchantment that, when passing by, the lordly sophomores were held spellbound. But, alas ! as the days went by they became less reserved, and under the influence of their associates lost their self-distrust and diffidence, and deigned to take part in the traditional cane-rush. So fascinated were they with this, that when the time came for the performance of other class duties — such as class supper — they held many a warm discussion in regard to the practibility and advisability of the same. They acquired so much training in these class-meetings and waxed so eloquent in and over them, that the faculty considered it needless for them to have but a small part of the drill in English, which was found necessary to be given to the succeeding class.

One night in the calm and quiet twilight there was spread broadcast through the college world, a rumor to the effect that the freshmen were to have a class supper. Intense excitement was created among the sophomores and great preparations were made to interrupt the festivities, but, much to their mortification, the '96s soon found that the freshman girls had simply planned a quiet drive about the village.

Thus the months glided by, former knowledge disappeared, wisdom was acquired, and the happy freshmen days were at an end.

The year dawned brightly when the class of '97 again took up its abode within college walls. It had undergone a great transformation since last its members met, for now were they not wise sophomores? So much dignity had they acquired that even one of the professors said that he could scarcely distinguish a sophomore from a senior.

They became seized with grevious spirits and they drove the old Heane from his den and lassoed him where the cedars were thick. And there was wailing, and weeping and gnashing of teeth for he was a mighty man of great renown and wrote his name with ink."

This year it was their highest ambition to uphold the principles of their motto and "Saepe stylum vertas," often echoed through their ranks. But how could they refrain from improving themselves when so much of their work was practical? Many a cold autumn wind and rain was braved for the sake of obtaining mathematical knowledge, for did they not ascend Chipman in a driving wind, and survey fields and sight distant mountains when storm clouds were threatening and when mackintoshes and umbrellas were necessary?

Wisdom and skill gained from the experience of the preceding year enabled them to compete most successfully with the freshmen in all college sports. The class of '98 was renowned for its numbers; but '97 maintained that smaller numbers combined with greater ability were preferable to larger numbers with mediocrity. This was proved, when, during the stillness of an autumnal evening,

two of the freshmen were snatched from the kind protecting care of their solicitous classmates and conveyed to a dreary swamp, there to calmly await their release from the intriguing sophomores.

A portion of the manuscript is here obliterated and only the words " sophomore " and " swiped " remain. But, as we care not for such fictitious interpolations, let us pass on to the next.

As the year advanced, the freshmen decided they would have a spread, and when they thought all things were ready for it, lo and behold ! where was their fruit and confectionery ? It is further recorded that '97 spent a most enjoyable time that night, and feasted upon good things presented by the thoughtful freshmen.

Nevertheless, '98 still attempted to claim superiority, until the long-to-be-remembered night when its president was taken from his class reception and royally entertained by sophomores. Then the freshmen's voices were forever hushed, and since that eventful night, they have spoken of the sophomores only in subdued tones and met them as they passed with meek and submissive smiles.

Months passed away. The class increased in wisdom, if not in numbers, and grew in favor with faculty as well as with their fellow-students. The freshmen looked upon them in awe and amazement and said " I see, but cannot reach the height " attained by them.

Little more is recorded concerning their past, but would ye know of their future, consult the Sibyline books, wherein is written, not alone their coming deeds, but also the influences which shall emanate from them for the benefit of all humanity.

Pause a moment, gentle reader,
I will not detain you long,
You will see from this, my leader,
I'm no nightingale of song.

But some subjects just inspire me,
As for instance, Home and Heaven;
Likewise I'm almost transported
When I think of '97.

We are not as great in numbers
As some others whom I know,
But we're strong in brain and muscle,
Truly "Multum in parvo."

We have kindly led the freshmen,
By some pathways they knew not;
Striving always to prepare them
For a brighter, better lot.

We've assisted at their banquets,
Ever watchful at their "feeds."
Oft removing some choice viands
Lest their greed surpass their needs.

We rejoice in eight fair Co-eds,
And are so content in this,
That in our complete equation
There is hardly room for Bliss.

We've been great in field and class-room,
We've been wondrous in debate,
We've been friendly with Professors,
We've been early, sometimes late.

What we will be, gentle reader,
None but Fate can surely tell;
We've no gloomy fears, at present
With the Soph'more all is well.

So if careless in our manners,
"Nos ignosce"! hear us cry;
Soon we'll be staid upper class-men,
We'll do better by and by.

"Vale," reader, and "bon voyage,"
My false Muse has flown I think,
Here's a hearty health at parting,
"They that wear the green and pink.'

Middlebury

Freshmen.

Class Colors:
Royal Purple and Pearl White.

Class Yell:
M.C., M.C., rah, rah, rah;
'98, '98, Sis, Boom, Kah!

Class Officers.

President,	W. B. Richmond.
Vice-President,	Lucia R. Avery.
Secretary,	Bessie C. Verder.
Treasurer,	Homer W. Skeels.
Toastmaster,	Lemuel R. Brown.
Prophet,	Della E. Hapgood.
Historian,	Fannie M. Sutton.
Orator,	W. B. Dunton.
Poet,	Florence C. Allen.

History of '98
"... with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way
And from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past has been."

WE have learned from continued practice during the last year, that it is customary to introduce essays and such articles with remarks, which are intended to throw some light upon the subject discussed. No such introduction is needed for the class of '98, for we think every hall, corridor and class-room at old Midd has felt the value of her presence. Nevertheless, since it is the proper thing to do, we will introduce *the* class.

In the first place, the unprecedented number is made up of ten ladies and twenty-one gentlemen. They are all of medium size and color, the product of the means equalling the product of the extremes in this. The total weight in avoirdupois is a subject which the class has not yet investigated, and, we have no wish to startle the public by giving the enormous weight representing our intellect. Rather than be called egotistical in this respect, we will omit these facts, letting the faculty tell a tale so worth the telling. In personal appearance, who shall say that we are not all right ? Let him who is without fault in this line cast the first slur.

In temperament and disposition we are of the angelic sort, only found in few colleges, and then in only one class, for are we not located near the Jordan ? Who can deny our having Pecks of Bliss among us ? We see Rice about very often, indicating that all goes merry as a marriage bell. What more can be said ? Much, very much, might be, but it is now necessary to pass from description to narration, leaving exposition and argumentation to you.

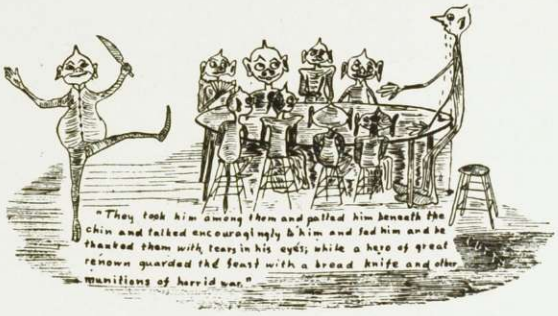
The first morning as we appeared in chapel, we may have seemed a little awkward, but the fact that we allowed our elders to pass out and down the chapel stairs first, showed this not to be true. This was in part a true prophecy of our class. Always respectful to our elders, quiet, but in the end coming off conquerors, as was shown by our first night's experience. Out of delicacy for the feelings of those who were so unexpectedly informed that night that the Freshmen were really here and had come to stay, we will refrain from relating the whole affair. It is sufficient to say that brother strove with brother, but '97 was beaten in the fray, and came off without one little laurel to cover his bare head.

Our ability to do things up Brown was already making itself felt, for at our first class-meeting we passed an uninterrupted two hours settling contended points. Never will any of us forget the introductory remarks concerning our president's nomination. We think these won the day, for at length " The gentleman from across the lake " was elected as " One whose name will go down to posterity wreathed with laurels of victory," and who, of course, in his famous career will carry the name of '98 to ever increasing honor.

The first time the Sophomores displayed any of their supposed bloody temperament, proved very humiliating to them. After a little, quite naturally, the decree went forth that we should have a spread, so preparations were made and carried out. Some time before the appointed hour it was learned that our devoted friends had arranged for the disposal of our fruit, upon the vain supposition that it was paid for. Great, indeed, must have been their chagrin and disappointment when they learned the sad fact that, alas, it was to be paid for on delivery. We would not, if we could, have been present at this critical time so trying to our friends' souls. It was a sacred hour, and we have only reverence and pity for the grief which must have filled their hearts to overflowing. Attempts were made the following morning to hide the traces of their sorrow, but in spite of painstaking, tear stains and empty pocketbooks were the most noticeable features to the observing eyes of their friends.

At our class reception the music of the sophomore voices furnished entertainment while we, philanthropically, regaled a chosen one of their number within, upon the fat of the land. When the toasts were served, our guest responded to " Our Host " in a very pleasing manner. Josiah Allen's wife often speaks of " Exertions after pleasure." We think those outside must have experienced her feelings in their longings after the warmth and good cheer within. Pleasant as this occasion was, it was soon rivalled by the class banquet, held at the Brandon House. Pardon us for a natural

thrill of pride as we recall this most enjoyable night. The time of our departure was not known to any other than a '98, so how could any demonstration of sorrow be made manifest ? The hours of the


"They took him among them and patted him beneath the chin and talked encouragingly to him and fed him and he thanked them with tears in his eyes; while a boye of great renown guarded the feast with a broad knife and other munitions of horrid war."

night sped by as if winged, and a merrier, happier class than we, would have been difficult to find, unless, perchance, it was the sophomores, when they congratulated us the next morning with joy so plainly depicted upon their faces.

It is not our purpose to boast over our victories or sorrow over defeats, if there were any. We have designed to give a simple, truthful history of our class from its start. Some things, though, are plain to be seen. As '98 made her appearance, why was there that mighty uprising of stoves, wood-boxes and kerosene lamps, each vying with one another in getting out of sight first ? Why, we ask, did these things melt away as mist before the rising sun, while steam, electricity and new rooms as quickly took their places ? We seek in the senior class for our answer, but find it not. The Juniors, though they are the supposed salt of the earth, do not furnish the requisite reply. The Sophomores ? Gladly would we give them a chance to shine here, but they can not, for why did not the many improvements greet them as us ? Is it '98. What is that rush and roar of voices we hear ? The distant hills, the trees, the very stones cry out " It is."

The Seniors may go into raptures over the delights of the near graduation. The Juniors may tell of the joys of their position. The Sophomores may lament over their lamentable lot, but we Freshmen will pertinaciously cling to Freshmen days, Freshmen joys, and Freshmen hopes, as being the best of all.

I.

Unless you know the '98s
  You do not know this college,
For '98 is "right on top"
  In wisdom and in knowledge.

II.

The Soph'mores thought they'd beat us once
  By getting pear and apple,
But we were "in it," they were "out,"
  They found next morn in chapel.

III.

The Juniors all are proud of us,
  As very well they may be—
The Freshman class, perhaps you know,
  Is a sort of Junior baby.

IV.

The Seniors, too, our praises sing
  And oft bow down before us,
And show in many other ways
  How truly they adore us.

V.

The Faculty, without a doubt,
  Their idol will acknowledge
Is '98, the Freshman class,
  The class that leads the college.

VI.

And last, but not the least, of us
  The world will soon be singing,
And praises of the '98s
  From pole to pole be ringing.

Fraternity

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R. B. LOCKWOOD — N. Y.

Chi Psi.

FOUNDED AT UNION COLLEGE, 1841.

Roll of Active Chapters.

PI,	Union.
THETA,	Williams.
MU,	Middlebury.
ALPHA,	Wesleyan University.
PHI,	Hamilton.
EPSILON,	University of Michigan.
UPSILON,	Furman University.
BETA,	University of South Carolina.
GAMMA,	University of Mississippi.
CHI,	Amherst.
PSI,	Cornell University.
TAU,	Wofford University.
NU,	University of Minnesota.
IOTA,	University of Wisconsin.
RHO,	Rutgers.
XI,	Stevens Institute Technology.
ALPHA DELTA,	University of Georgia.
BETA DELTA,	Lehigh University.
GAMMA DELTA,	Leland Stanford University.

ΧΨ

Fratres in Urbe.

Ex. Gov. John W. Stewart, '46.
Dr. M. H. Eddy, '60.
Pres. Ezra Brainard, '64.
Col. T. M. Chapman, '66.
C. M. Wilds, '75.
Dr. Wm. H. Sheldon, '80.
George A. Stewart, '84.
Prof. Ernest C. Bryant, '91.
Stanton S. Eddy, '94.

Active Members.

Seniors.

Bertram Edwin Marshall,
George Dow Scott,
Hedley Albert Vicker,
Charles Leffingwell Ross,
Lockwood Matthew Seely,
George Samuel Wright.

Juniors.

Elmer Henry Cutts,
Carl Murdock Merrill,
Chas. Edward Fitzpatrick,
Henry Everett Foster.

Sophomores.

Leroy Carter Russell,
Arthur Piper,
John Ashley Cadwell.

Freshmen.

Albertus Perry,
Arthur Harvey Brookins,
Frank Walter Cady,
Michael Francis Halpin,
Herbert Alvah Hinman,
William Belden Richmond.

E.A.WRIGHT, PHILA.

Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity.

FOUNDED AT YALE, 1844.

Roll of Chapters.

PHI,	Yale.
THETA,	Bowdoin.
XI,	Colby.
SIGMA,	Amherst.
GAMMA,	Vanderbilt University.
PSI,	University of Alabama.
UPSILON,	Brown.
CHI,	University of Mississippi.
BETA,	University of North Carolina.
ETA,	University of Virginia.
KAPPA,	Miami.
LAMBDA,	Kenyon.
PSI,	Dartmouth.
IOTA,	Central University.
ALPHA ALPHA,	Middlebury.
OMICRON,	University of Michigan.
EPSILON,	Williams.
RHO,	Lafayette.
TAU,	Hamilton.
MU,	Colgate.
NU,	College of City of New York.
BETA PHI,	Rochester.

PHI CHI,	Rutgers.
PSI PHI,	DePauw.
GAMMA PHI,	Wesleyan.
PSI OMEGA,	Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst.
BETA CHI,	Adelbert.
DELTA CHI,	Cornell.
DELTA DELTA,	University of Chicago.
PHI GAMMA,	Syracuse.
GAMMA BETA,	Columbia.
THETA ZETA,	University of California.
ALPHA CHI,	Trinity.
PHI EPSILON,	University of Minnesota.
SIGMA TAU,	Mass. Instit. of Technology.

Alpha Alpha

OF

Delta Kappa Epsilon.

Post-Graduates.

HARRY EDWARD WELLS, IRA HENRY LA FLEUR.

Active Members.

Seniors.

CHARLES ALBERTUS ADAMS, GEORGE CHARLES DOUGLASS,
EARL LIVINGSTONE CUSHMAN, WILLIAM HENRY ELDRIDGE,
WALTER SCOTT GRANT.

Juniors.

CHARLES ANDREWS MUNROE, WILLIAM BRYANT WILCOX,
HIRAM PARKER WILLIAMSON.

Sophomores.

BENJAMIN LESLIE HAYDON, CHARLES PRESCOTT KIMBALL,
ARTHUR CUTLER PARKHURST.

Freshmen.

WALTER BARRETT DUNTON, ROBERT LAURENCE RICE,
CHARLES ASAHEL HUBBARD, HOMER LUCIUS SKEELS,
JOSEPH ALANSON PECK, THEODORE DONALD WELLS.

Δίκαια
Υποθήκη
FOUNDED IN 1824

Delta Upsilon.

FOUNDED AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE, 1834.

Roll of Chapters.

Williams College.
Union College.
Amherst College.
Hamilton College.
Adelbert College.
Colby University.
University of Rochester.
Middlebury College.
Bowdoin College.
Rutgers College.
University of the City of New York.
Colgate University.
Cornell University.
Marietta College.
Syracuse University.
University of Michigan.
Northwestern University.
Harvard University.
University of Wisconsin.
Lafayette College.
Columbia College.
Lehigh University.
Tufts College.
De Pauw University.
University of Pennsylvania.
University of Minnesota.
Mass. Institute Technology.
Swathmore College.

Middlebury Chapter.

ESTABLISHED IN 1856.

Fratres in Urbe.

PROF. HENRY M. SEELY, Hon.
HON. LOYAL D. ELDREDGE, '57.
DR. C. E. PRENTISS, '64.
PROF. PRENTISS C. HOYT, '89.
MR. A. E. HIGLEY, '68.
PROF. WALTER E. HOWARD, '71.
PROF. THOMAS E. BOYCE, '76.

Active Members.

Seniors.

JOHN BARLOW,
CHARLES L. LEONARD,
EBEN J. FULLAM,
RICHARD O. WOOSTER.

Juniors.

DAVID H. BLOSSOM,
EARL B. EDGERTON,
GUY C. LAMSON,
CHARLES E. PRENTISS,
FRANK N. DAVIS,
JAMES E. GOODMAN,
JAMES MOORE,
EDWARD M. ROSCOE,
ALBERT C. WALES.

Sophomores.

ELMER G. BRIDGEHAM,
LUTHER A. BROWN,
MARCUS D. WHITNEY.

Freshmen.

CHARLES C. BAILEY,
WILLIAM H. BOTSFORD,
LEMUEL R. BROWN,
JAMES A. LOBBAN,
AUDLEY J. BLISS,
BURT M. BRISTOL,
CHARLES H. JORDAN,
THOMAS PRENTIS.

Dreka, Phila.

Pi Beta Phi.

FOUNDED AT MONMOUTH, 1867.

Roll of Active Chapters.

Alpha Province.

PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA,	Swathmore College.
COLUMIBA ALPHA,	Columbian University.
OHIO ALPHA,	Ohio University.
OHIO BETA,	Ohio State University.
INDIANA ALPHA,	Franklin College.
INDIANA BETA,	University of Indiana.
MICHIGAN ALPHA,	Hillsdale College.
MICHIGAN BETA,	University of Michigan.
LOUISIANA ALPHA,	Tulane University.
VERMONT ALPHA,	Middlebury College.
PENNSYLVANIA BETA,	Bucknell University.

Beta Province.

ILLINOIS BETA,	Lombard University.
ILLINOIS DELTA,	Knox College.
ILLINOIS EPSILON,	Northwestern University.
IOWA ALPHA,	Iowa Wesleyan University.

Gamma Province.

IOWA BETA,	Simpson College.
IOWA ZETA,	University of Iowa.
MINNESOTA ALPHA,	Minnesota University.
WISCONSIN ALPHA,	University of Wisconsin.
IOWA LAMBDA,	Alumnæ, DesMoines.

Delta Province.

COLORADO ALPHA,	University of Colorado.
COLORADO BETA,	Denver University.
KANSAS ALPHA,	University of Kansas.
NEBRASKA ALPHA,	University of Nebraska.
CALIFORNIA ALPHA,	Leland Stanford University.

Vermont Alpha

OF

Pi Beta Phi.

ESTABLISHED IN 1893.

Members.

Juniors.

MABEL HASTINGS WARE,
CORA AGNES BROCK,
LENA MAY ROSEMAN,
MARY ORENDA POLLARD.

Sophomores.

HARRIET DUPÉE GEROULD,
MARY AMELIA TOWLE.

Freshmen.

LUELLA CUSHING WHITNEY,
FANNY MAROA SUTTON,
FLORENCE CRAGIN ALLEN.

747

E.A.WRIGHT, PHILA.

Alpha Zeta

OF

Alpha Chi.

Sorores in Urbe.

BLOSSOM PALMER BRYANT, '91.
ANNIE LAWRENCE RITCHIE, '94.

Sorores in Collegio.

Seniors.

BERTHA BRAINERD,
IDA MAY BRECKENRIDGE,
MARY LILLIAN HEATH,
MARY ELIZABETH MERRIAM,
KATE ELIZA PALMER,
CORA MAY ROGERS,
ELEANOR SYBIL ROSS,
HARRIETTE HOPKINS STEELE,
BLANCHE AVALINE VERDER.

Juniors.

EVA MAY BARTON,
AVA LILLIAN HAWLEY,
ALICE FLORENCE TYLER.

Sophomores.

MARION ELIZABETH DUNBAR,
MARY ARABELLA GOODWIN,
ELLEN CHASE GORDON,
FLORENCE MABELLE HOLDEN,
ANNA LOU JANES,
FLORA CALISTA ROCKWOOD.

Freshmen.

LUCIA ELIZABETH AVERY,
ADALINE CHARLOTTE CRAMPTON,
VIDA ANNIE DUNBAR,
DELLA EDITH HAPGOOD,
MARY GERRISH HIGLEY,
BESSIE CLARINDA VERDER.

Chapters.

"* * * * with calm serenity around me flow,
and shields the withered heart
From Cupid's silver bow."

MIDDLEBURY, - - - - Established Oct., 1893.
VERMONT, - - - - Established Oct., 1894.

General Officer.

His Grand Mighty Loftiness, - - - GUY C. LAMSON.

Officers of Middlebury Chapter.

His Mighty Loftiness the Bachelor-in-Chief, - EDW. M. ROSCOE.
His Worthiness the Scribe, - - - ELMER G. BRIDGAM.
Herr Swipsey the Chancellor of the Exchequer,
MARCUS D. WHITNEY.
His Somnolency the Chaperon, - - DAVID H. BLOSSOM.

Members.

DAVID H. BLOSSOM,
JAMES E. GOODMAN, JR.,
GUY C. LAMSON,
JAMES MOORE,
EDWARD M. ROSCOE,
ALBERT C. WALES,
ELMER G. BRIDGAM,
MARCUS D. WHITNEY.

Parker Prize Speakers.

MUSIC.

KARL THE MARTYR, - - - - - - - - Anon.
LUTHER A. BROWN.

DEFENCE OF HOFER, - - - - - - - - Anon.
THOMAS G. LYONS, JR.

THE DANDY FIFTH, - - - - Frank H. Gassaway.
ALBERTUS PERRY.

CHARIOT RACE, - - - - - - - - - Wallace.
ARTHUR C. PARKHURST.

MUSIC.

Merrill Prize Speakers.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN, - - - - - - Samuel Lover.
DAVID H. BLOSSOM.

EXTRACT FROM BENNINGTON ORATION, E. J. Phelps.
FRANK N. DAVIS.

THE REBEL YELL, - - - - - - - - Anon.
CHARLES E. FITZPATRICK.

ZAGONYI'S CHARGE, - - - - - - - - Anon.
CARL M. MERRILL.

MUSIC.

THE MAIDEN MARTYR, - - - - - - Anon.
CHARLES A. MUNROE.

CRONIN MURDER TRIAL, - - - - - - Anon.
JAMES MOORE.

BATTLE OF MISSION RIDGE, - - Benj. F. Taylor.
EDWARD M. ROSCOE.

LASCA, - - - - - - - - - - - Desprez.
LEROY C. RUSSELL.

MUSIC

AWARDING OF PRIZES.

Ninety-Fourth Commencement.

Middlebury College, Wednesday, June 27, 1894.

PROGRAMME.

PRAYER.

Overture — Romantic, - - - - - - - - Keler Bela.

Essay — with Salutatory Addresses, - - Bells of Memory.
BERTHA ELIZA RANSLOW, Swanton, Vt.

Oration, - - - - - - The Student's Place in Reform.
FRANK HOFFNAGLE BIGELOW, Proctor, Vt.

Oration, - - - - - - - - The Laborer's Complaint.
DENIS JAMES HAYES, Mineville, N. Y.

Oration, - - - - - - - - - Social Reform.
WILLIAM ERNEST CHAPMAN, Moriah Center, N. Y.

Literary Essay, - - - - - - - - - Originality.
ABBIE LILLIAN KING, Tyson, Vt.

Selection — The Tyrolean, - - - - - - - Zeller.

Oration, - - - - - - - - - The Unexpressed.
STANTON SEELY EDDY, Middlebury, Vt.

Philosophical Oration, - - - - - - Our Italy.
OLIVER JOHNSON SAWYER, East Templeton, Mass.

Oration, - - - - - - - The Abuse of Citizenship.
IRA HENRY LA FLEUR, Middlebury, Vt.

Oration, - - - - - - The Symbols of the Century.
HENRY HAMBLIN SEELY, Middlebury, Vt.

Historical Essay, - - - - - - - - - A Lost Art.
ANNIE LAWRENCE RITCHIE, Shelburne, Mass.

Patrol — Return of the Troops, - - - - - Eilenberg.

Oration, - - - - - - The Change of College Ideals.
CHARLES BLACKHURST TOLEMAN, Little Britain, N. Y.

Oration, - - - - - - - The Philosophy of Progress.
ALBERT ASA SARGENT, Ludlow, Vt.

Oration, - - - - - - - - - - The Engineer.
HARRY EDWARD WELLS, Middlebury, Vt.

Essay — with Valedictory Addresses, - Woman, yesterday, to-day and to-morrow.
LAURA SOPHRONIA CLARK, Ludlow, Vt.

Caprice — Zanzibar, - - - - - - - - - Gilder.

Conferring of Degrees and Announcement of Honors.

Benediction.

Junior Exhibition.

Overture, - - - - - - - - - King of Diamonds.

ORCHESTRA.

Oration, - - - - - - Obstacles the Mother of Success.

FRANK WILSON DAVIS, Mendon.

Oration, - - - - - - - - - - A New Era.

CHARLES EDWARD FITZPATRICK, Middlebury.

Essay, - - - - - - - - - - Individuality.

AVA LILLIAN HAWLEY, Middlebury.

Oration, - - - - - Our Relations to Our Fellows.

GUY CALEB LAMSON, Brattleboro.

Selection, - - - - - - - - - - - La Cigale.

ORCHESTRA.

Essay, - - - - Knowledge as a Factor in Civilization.

CADDIE MARIE SWINEY, Holyoke, Mass.

Oration, - - - - - - - Napoleon and Washington.

CARL MURDOCK MERRILL, Middlebury.

Oration, - - - - - - - - - A National Problem.

JAMES MOORE, Amboy Center, N. Y.

Essay, - - - - "All the world's a hospital and all the men and women merely patients."

ALICE FLORENCE TYLER, Townsend, Mass.

Spanish Waltz, - - - - - - - - - Los Angeles.

ORCHESTRA.

Oration, - - - - - - - - - The Student in Politics.

CHARLES ANDREWS MUNROE, Middlebury.

Essay, - - - - - - - - - The Commonplace.

MABEL HASTINGS WARE, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Oration, - - - - - - - - The Self-Made Scholar.

CHARLES WILLIAM PRENTISS, Middlebury.

Oration, - - - - - - - - The New England Man.

WILLIAM BRYANT WILCOX, Crown Point, N. Y.

Medley Overture, - - - - - - - Seeing the Elephant.

ORCHESTRA.

Prizes and Appointments.

Ninety-fourth Commencement.

MISS LAURA SOPHRONIA CLARK, - - - Valedictory.
MISS BERTHA ELIZA RANSLOW, - - - - Salutatory.
MISS ABBIE LILLIAN KING, - - - - Literary Essay.
MISS ANNIE LAWRENCE RITCHIE, - - Historical Essay.
MR. OLIVER JOHNSON SAWYER, - Philosophical Oration.

Merrill Prize Speaking.

First Prize.— CHARLES A. MUNROE.
Second Prize.— DAVID H. BLOSSOM.
Third Prize.— CHARLES E. FITZPATRICK.
Fourth Prize.— EDWARD M. ROSCOE.

Parker Prize Speaking.

First Prize.— LUTHER A. BROWN.
Second Prize.— ARTHUR C. PARKHURST.

Junior Exhibition—Honors.

DAVID HENRY BLOSSOM,
CORA AGNES BROCK,
EARLE BRADFORD EDGERTON,
AVA LILLIAN HAWLEY,
JAMES MOORE,
MARY ORENDA POLLARD,
CHARLES WILLIAM PRENTISS,
ALBERT CHAMBERLAIN WALES,
WILLIAM BRYANT WILCOX.

President,	W. H. ELDRIDGE, '95.
Vice-President,	H. E. FOSTER, '96.
Secretary,	W. S. GRANT, '95.
Treasurer,	L. M. SEELY, '95.
Foot Ball Manager,	E. L. CUSHMAN, '95.
Base Ball Manager,	G. C. LAMSON, '96.
Field Day Director,	JAMES MOORE, '96.
Gymnasium Director,	J. E. GOODMAN, '96.

Grand Stand Committee.

PROF. W. E. HOWARD.

E. J. FUILAM, '95. C. E. FITZPATRICK, '96.

B. L. HAYDON, '97.

College Nine.

1893.

G. D. Scott, - - - - - - - Manager.
F. B. Wynne, - - - - - - Captain.
H. G. Megathlin, - - - - - - Scorer.

F. B. Seeley, c.	C. L. Ross, s. s.
Louis Taylor, p.	W. L. Wasson, 3d b.
E. R. Sturtevant, 1st b.	C. A. Adams, l. f.
P. G. Ross, 2d b.	F. B. Wynne, c. f.

W. J. Douglass, r. f.

1894.

C. L. Ross, - - - - - - - Manager.
C. A. Adams, - - - - - - - Captain.
E. L. Cushman, - - - - - - Scorer.

W. S. Grant, c.	C. L. Ross, s. s.
C. A. Adams, p.	T. D. Wells, 3d b.
J. A. Cadwell, 1st b.	A. C. Parkhurst, l. f.
H. E. Foster, 2d b.	H. E. Wells. c. f.
C. P. Kimball, r. f.	J. E. Goodman, sub.

Base Ball Games.

1893.

	OPPONENTS.	MIDD.
Union, at Schenectady,	5	11
Colgate, at Middlebury,	10	4
Cuban Giants, at Middlebury,	17	8
U. V. M., at Middlebury,	8	3
Bristol, at Middlebury,	5	7
Bristol, at Bristol	3	7
	48	40

1894.

	OPPONENTS.	MIDD.
Cuban Giants, at Middlebury,	11	7
St. Albans, at St. Albans,	2	13
Westport, at Westport,	1	7
St. Albans, at Middlebury,	9	23
Westport, at Middlebury,	2	6
Orwell, at Middlebury,	7	12
Cuban Giants, at Middlebury,	14	8
	46	73

College Eleven.

1893.

C. E. FITZPATRICK, - - - - - - Captain.
D. J. HAYES, - - - - - - - Manager.

A. A. SARGENT, r. e.	B. L. HAYDON, l. t.
G. D. SCOTT, r. t.	U. S. GRANT, l. e.
E. J. FULLEM, r. g.	H. E. WELLS, q. b.
J. H. LA FLEUR, c.	H. E. FOSTER, r. h. b.
J. BARLOW, l. g.	J. E. GOODMAN, C. E. PRENTISS. } l. h. b.
C. E. FITZPATRICK, f. b.	

Substitutes.

C. A. MUNROE, E. G. BRIDGEHAM.

1894.

C. E. FITZPATRICK, - - - - - - Captain.
E. L. CUSHMAN, - - - - - - Manager.

C. A. MUNROE, r. e.	H. E. FOSTER, l. t.
B. L. HAYDON, r. t.	H. L. SKEELS, l. e.
E. G. FULLEM, r. g.	G. R. RIGGS, q. b.
C. A. HUBBARD, c.	C. W. PRENTISS, r. h. b.
J. E. GOODMAN, l. g.	C. E. FITZPATRICK, l. h. b.

W. S. GRANT, f. b.

Substitutes.

L. R. RICE, G. D. SCOTT, T. D. WELLS, I. H. LA FLEUR.

Foot Ball Games.

1893.

		SCORE. OPP.	MIDD.
1893. Nov. 4.	Norwich University, at Northfield, - - Touchdowns, N. U. 6. Midd. 0.	34	0
Nov. 16.	Rutland Eleven, at Rutland, - - - Touchdowns, Rutland 0. Midd. 4.	0	18
Nov. 18.	Norwich University, at Middlebury, - - Touchdowns, N. U. 1. Midd. 2.	4	12

1894.

1894. Sept. 29.	Vermont Methodist Seminary, at Montpelier, Touchdowns, V. M. S. 1. Midd. 1.	4	6
Oct. 20.	U. V. M., at Burlington, Vt. - - - Touchdowns, U. V. M. 2. Midd. 0.	12	0
Oct. 27.	U. V. M., at Middlebury, - - - Touchdowns, U. V. M. 0. Midd. 3.	0	14
Nov. 10.	U. V. M., at Vergennes, Vt., (game unfinished.) Touchdowns, U. V. M. 1. Midd. 0.	4	0

Foot-ball.

THE idea of a foot ball team had for a long time been considered by the students of our college, but not until the Fall of '93 did the idea materialize.

The development of foot-ball in Middlebury called for an immense amount of hard work, from the fact that the game was comparatively new to us, there being but few men in college who were, at that time, acquainted with even the rudiments of the game.

Handicapped as it was, the team entered the field with a determination to succeed yet knowing that defeat must very often come before victory. After a few weeks of hard practice the team "lined up" for the first time against the strong and experienced team of Norwich University. The game was uninteresting throughout and the victory of the University team was complete, but the defeat was no disgrace for Middlebury and only acted as a powerful incentive to urge on the boys to better and harder work. The second game of the season was played at Rutland against a picked eleven which served as an excellent practice game and marked very strongly the successful development of the team.

On account of the team having organized very late in the season, but few games could be arranged, and the season closed with a return game with the Norwich University team.

This game was played at Middlebury and resulted in a complete "turning of the tables" by the home team carrying off the victory, an event which is itself suggestive of the work and development of foot-ball at Middlebury.

The season of '94 opened under very auspicious circumstances for the "pig skin" in the line of material and enthusiasm; and under the supervision of a "coach" the team made rapid strides forward in team work and general development. The season opened with a practice game at Montpelier which was advantageous as showing up the weak points of the team and thus allowing a more systematic development.

A series of three games was now arranged with the University of Vermont, the first of which was played at Burlington, resulting in a victory for the Vermont boys. The second game was played at Middlebury, the home team this time carrying the day. Honors were now even between the two colleges and the third game was to have been played on neutral grounds, but owing to some difficulty which cannot be fully explained the contest was not finished and the result remains in doubt.

Thus closed the season of '94, wholly satisfactory to the college and proving very clearly that Middlebury can, not only meet, but meet successfully the best teams of the state in good honest foot-ball.

Y. M. C. A.

Officers.

President, - - - - L. A. Brown, '97.
Vice President, - - - - W. B. Richmond, '98.
Recording Secretary, - - A. C. Wales, '96.
Corresponding Secretary, - - F. W. Davis, '96.
Treasurer, - - - - W. B. Dunton, '98.

Committees.

New Students — Roscoe, Botsford, Skeels.
Membership — Wilcox, Jordan, Cadwell.
Religious Meetings — Bridgeham, Bliss, Coombs.
Bible Study — Wales, Whitney, Richmond.
Missionary — Lamson, Bristol, Rice.
Finance — Goodman, Piper, Dunton.
Intercollegiate — Davis, Blossom, Prentis, '98.

Y. W. C. A.

Officers.

President, - - - -	Miss Pollard, '96.
Vice-President, - -	Miss Goodwin, '97.
Corresponding Secretary, -	Miss Gerould, '97.
Recording Secretary, -	Miss Crampton, '98.
Treasurer, - - - -	Miss Holden, '97.

Committees.

Membership — Misses Brock, '96, Towle, '97, Russel, '98, Swiney, '96.

Religious Meetings — Misses Sutton, '98, Whitney, '98, Crampton, '98.

Bible Study—Misses Higley, '98, Gordon, '97, Verder, '98.

Finance—Misses Holden, '97, Rockwood, '97, Janes, '97.

Intercollegiate Relations—Miss Gerould, '97.

Missionary — Misses Avery, '98, Ware, '96, Allen, '98, Goodwin, '97, Mrs. Barton.

Members.

'95.

Miss Breckenridge,
Miss Merriam,
Miss Heath,
Miss Brainerd,
Miss Palmer,
Miss Rogers,
Miss Ross,
Miss Verder.

'96.

Miss Brock,
Miss Pollard,
Miss Roseman,
Miss Swiney,
Miss Ware,
Mrs. Barton.

'97.

Miss Gerould,
Miss Goodwin,
Miss Gordon,
Miss Holden,
Miss Janes,
Miss Rockwood,
Miss Towle.

'98.

Miss Allen,
Miss Avery,
Miss Crampton,
Miss Higley,
Miss Russel,
Miss Sutton,
Miss Verder,
Miss Whitney.

President,	C. E. FITZPATRICK, '96.
Vice-President,	L. A. BROWN, '97.
Secretary,	MISS ROSEMAN, '96.
Business Manager,	G. C. LAMSON, '96.
Assistant Business Managers,	R. L. RICE, '98. H. E. SESSIONS, '98.
Editor-in-Chief,	L. C. RUSSELL, '96.
Assistant Editor-in-Chief,	MISS POLLARD, '96.
Associate Editors,	W. B. WILCOX, '96, W. B. RICHMOND, '98. MRS. BARTON, '96. L. R. BROWN, '98. THOMAS PRENTIS, '98.

Chorister, - - - - E. L. CUSHMAN, '95.

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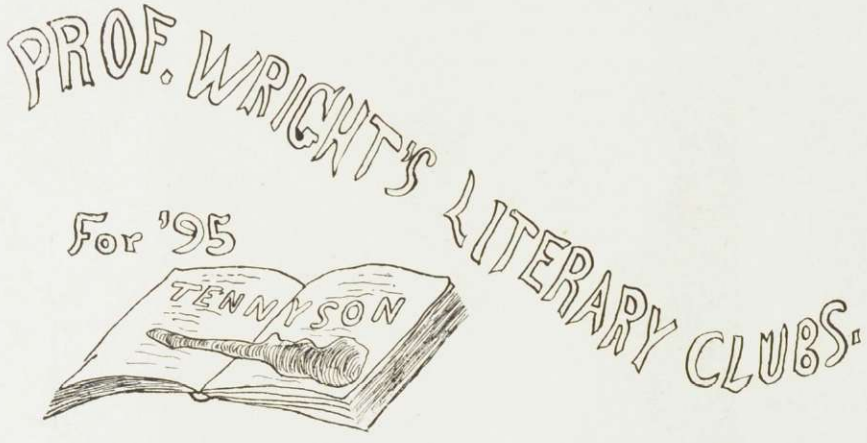

Members.

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MISS HEATH,
MISS BRECKENRIDGE,
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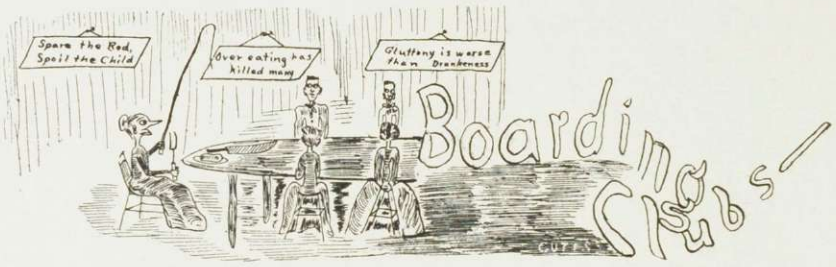


Battell Hall Boarding Club.

'95.

Miss Ross,
Miss Verder,
Miss Steele.

'96.

Miss Swiney,
Miss Tyler.

'98.

Miss Verder,
Miss Dunbar,
Miss Hapgood.

'97.

Miss Janes,
Miss Gordon,
Miss Holden,
Miss Dunbar,
Miss Goodwin.

Hammond Boarding Club.

'96.

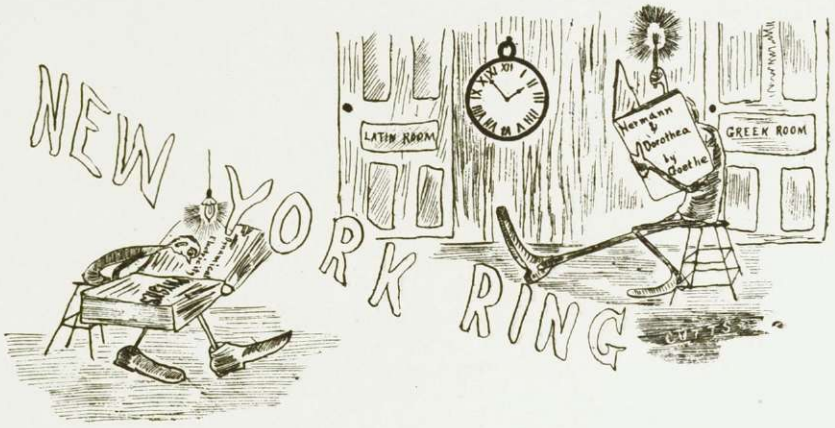
Miss Brock,
Miss Pollard.

'97.

Miss Gerould,
Miss Towle.

'98.

Miss Whitney.



Grand Sachem, - - -	G. C. DOUGLASS, '95.
Heeler, - - - - - -	JAMES MOORE, '96.
Bass, - - - - - -	B. L. HAYDON, '97.
Thugs, - - - - - -	H. E. FOSTER, '96. J. E. GOODMAN, '96.

Repeaters.

H. A. VICKER, '95.	D. H. BLOSSOM, '96.
C. E. FITZPATRICK, '96.	W. B. WILCOX, '96.
L. A. BROWN, '97.	M. D WHITNEY, '97.
A. J. BLISS, '98.	L. R. BROWN, '98.
W. B. RICHMOND, '98.	R. L. RICE, '98.

Defuncti,	A. M. Rowley. C R. Dunton.
President and Lord Executioner,	G. C. Douglass.
Executive Committee and Chief of Scouts,	C. L. Ross.
High Priest and Master of Ceremonies,	G. C. Lamson.
Inspector of Poultry and Keeper of Great Seal,	W. B. Wilcox.
Honorary Member and Grand Embracer,	E. H. Dorsey.

The White Hat Association.

Middlebury Division of White Caps.

Organized April 1, 1895.

Motto—"A man's a man for all (th) hat."

Song—"Where did you get your hat?"

Aim—To adorn the intellect.

President - - - - "TIPPY."

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

"PREXIE,"
"HARRY."

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

"CHOLLY,"
"GOOD,"
"HI PARKER."

Street Parade, 8 o'clock A. M. each fair day, Sundays excepted.

In Memoriam.

Glee Club,

Died September, 1894.

" ——— Their days with mournful howling spent,
And pitying Heaven, with shriek on shriek they rent "

GUTTS

En Passant.

AT this point in our work a few remarks may not be untimely or irrelevant; and, as these last pages pass forever from us into the hands of the printers, we wish to warn our kindly disposed readers that in the succeeding pages you may find even more to criticise than in the pages you have already read. But don't make matters worse than they really are, and be ever mindful of these few precepts.

Firstly—That the unskilled marksman will always choose the most prominent target at which to aim his arrows, hoping thus to avoid the disgrace of missing.

Secondly—That the golden moments of leisure in the junior year are not sufficient to enable the editors to carry out every plan and suggestion that is offered them.

Thirdly—That where no claim is laid to high literary merit we can not justly be censured if our work is not up to the standard of your ideal; for our only aim has been to crystalize a little of the brightness of our college life for the benefit of those who love to dwell on pleasant things.

Lastly—For following no precedent in the selection and arrangement of our material we have no excuse to offer. We leave it to you to determine wherein we have merited praise and censure, and trust that our successors may derive profit from our mistakes. The kindly critic will not dwell too much upon the details, but will rather pass judgment upon the book as a unit. As such we hope and believe you will find the '96 Kaleidoscope not unworthy of some slight commendation.

THE EDITORS.

The Powers of Darkness,

A COMEDY IN 3 ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JAMES I, EDWARD II, GAINS SHEEPSON,	Triumvirs.
TITUS,	The Man of Ross.
MARCUS BRUTUS,	A Knight of '97.
DASHING DICK,	From the Wild West.
DUNTONICUS, ROBERTUS, DE BROWNE, FEWRIUS SQUEALS, JUDAS ACADYUS,	Conspirators.
BRIGIDA, LADY HELEN,	Of Castle Battell.

Other Nobles, Attendants, etc.

Scene — Middlebury and vicinity.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.— Campus. A somewhat secluded spot. An assemblage of the men of the third estate. Enter James I and Edward II.

JAMES I.— Hence, home ye idle creatures. Get ye to your trundle beds.

ROBERTUS.— Say not so, my lord. My soul thirsteth for war.

JAMES.— Where are thy soldiers and thine enemy?

ROBERTUS.— Alas, fair sir, the base knight whom I call my deadly foe, roams not through this fair vale. These are my trusty warriors. Show me but the worthless villain and he is mine.

JAMES.— (Ha, methinks 'twere meet). Dare'st thou then to beard the lion in his den, Marcus Brutus at Castle Battell ?

EDWARD II.— Go to now. Rouse ye ! Swipe him and 'twere well done if done quickly.

(Exeunt James and Edward smiling luridly.)

ROBERTUS.— What, ho ! Duntonicus, De Browne, Fewrius, Acadyus, you moonshine revellers, you heirs of fixed destiny, attend my words !

ALL (gathering near) We listen, speak soft, sir !

ROBERTUS.—Know'st thou the signet, '97. Ah ! I've but to speak the magic word and thou art even as the war-horse before the breeze of battle. 'Tis well. Now attend me — Marcus Brutus, to-night, sojourns at Castle Battell. What errand hath he there concerns me not. What ! Winkest thou Duntonicus ! For shame ! Let us cut off his escape. Seize, bind, and cast him into outer darkness.

ALL (and there shall be howling and scattering of teeth.)

(Exeunt.)

VOICES FROM THE GLOOM.— "Now, then, mischief thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt."

SCENE 2.— Grand Salon, Castle Battell. Marcus Brutus and Brigida seated before a huge Japanese screen. On opposite side of screen are discovered the Lady Helen and Dashing Dick. Faint music as of one practicing on a piano is heard.

MARCUS BRUTUS.— In sooth, I know not why some dark cloud hath o'ershadowed me of late.

BRIGIDA.— Fie, fie, fair sir, you do but jest. The cloud perchance, is but that truant ebon lock which is so prone to float above your eyebrows.

M. B.— Thou art pleased to speak lightly of my forebodings, fair lady. May the future prove itself even as pleasant as thy gentle words.

BRIG.— Then think of it no more, for I have something of great import to discuss with you.

M. B.— Art jesting still, or is thy meaning sober ?

BRIG.— Most sober, gentle sir, and 'twere well if you did lend a listening ear.

M. B.— (Aside, ye Gods, what's coming ?) Speak on fair maid.

BRIG.— Do you recall the eve before Good Friday.

M. B.— I,— I,— By my faith, Brigida, I remember nothing.

BRIG.— (Rising in anger.)— 'Tis well you can forget your own identity now. Oh, when I think on that eventful time, I am weary of you.

M. B.— (In great alarm.) For Heaven's sake, Brigida, speak plainly. "Play me no riddles." What meanest thou?

BRIG.— You have a nimble wit! Forsooth, did we not— (She is interrupted by Dashing Dick, who speaks loudly from the other side of the screen.)

D. D.— Ha, Ha, methinks 'twere wise to withdraw to a safer corral. This reservation is in danger it would seem.

LADY HELEN.— Nay sir. This tempest is but transient. It is always darkest with them just before the dawn.

M. B.— (Who has recovered somewhat.) Yes, Brigida, as thou said'st, verily, I think we did —— but speak lower. Why is Dashing Dick on duty here to-night?

BRIG.— Trying to untie the Gord(i)an (K)not, perchance.

M. B.— Truly, thou speakest well. But come, be seated and let us forget and forgive the past, while together we peruse this thrilling French Reader.

BRIG.— Methinks 'twere better if you were more circumspect in your demeanor, fair sir.

M. B — So be it then, Brigida, but hist! Heard'st thou not a trampling, as of many feet, outside?

BRIG.— In sooth, I did hear a sound. (Listens.) And now the hand-maiden goes along the corridor to the portal, if I mistake not.

M. B.— Ha, she stops before this door (enter maid.)

MAID — My lady, there is one calling himself Judas Acadyus, at the portal even now, saying that he would fain speak with Marcus Brutus.

M. B.— Said'st thou it was I for whom he called. Even so. I come quickly.

(After a moment there is a sound as of mortal combat outside, and Brigida rushing wildly to the window beholds Marcus Brutus in the hands of a band of men of the third estate, who, despite his heroic efforts to free himself, drag him from her view. On beholding this awful sight, Brigida casts one imploring glance upward and faints. Lady Helen and Dashing Dick to the rescue.)

LADY H.— Alas, Brigida! I feared this. Fly, Sir Dick to the fountain and bring me water to revive her.

D. D.—I fly (he returns.) Here, soak her head, quick. Did'nt I say we'd better vamose this ranch. Ha, she's recuperating.

BRIG.—(murmurs faintly, 'Et tu Brute,' and swoons again.) By my faith and the great North-West! Lady Helen, our gentle Sir left us his hat as a souvenir. See here (produces hat.)

LADY H.— Even so, but look you here, Brigida has swooned again. Give me the hat, it may revive her. (She places the hat near the heart of the prostrate girl and Brigida at once opens her eyes.)

BRIG.— Ah! Do I dream — is this the room — the hour — the — Ah! — it is the hat, his hat — I will cherish it most sacredly. Helen, assist me to my turret chamber. What, ho! — there, hand-maiden, let me lean on you. Truly, his foreboding was fateful, and O, that "one might know the end of this night's business ere it comes." (She goes out weeping bitterly. Dashing Dick and Lady Helen are dissolved in tears of sympathy. Salon left vacant.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.— Campus, before Starr Hall. Sound of deviltry within. Dark forms flitting among the trees. At last, Marcus Brutus at the head of an armed body-guard appears.

M. B.— By the Gods of High Olympus, I swear vengeance on the base-born churls who so lately did me this deadly injury. What say'st thou my friends, shall we not make these scoundrels lick the dust?

ALL.— Yes! — Yes! — blood and brimstone! Donner und blitzen! Give us but the glorious opportunity! (Enter Gains and Titus who conceal themselves behind trees and speak in hollow tones. Their voices float on the wings of night to the ears of the surprised crowd.)

GAINS.— Duntonicus and Robertus walk abroad this night.

TITUS.— Yea, they have tarried at the palace of the Great Mogul and e'er long will return clad in all their pristine beauty.

GAINS.— Would that yon creatures, creatures were *men!* that they might escort the timid children home. (Silence, awful and impressive, reigns. Then Marcus Brutus speaks.)

M. B.— Heard ye the strange whispers! By me faith, the Gods this night do work for us. Let us away and perchance the villians will not escape justice even yet.

(Exeunt.)

CHORUS OF VOICES.— "Those things do best please us which befall preposterously."

ACT III.

SCENE I.— Street scene. 'Tis night, and all is still. In the sombre shadow of a massive building, dark forms pass, and ever and anon from behind some tree the low whistle breaks the awful calm. Suddenly four or five men appear. The tall form of Marcus Brutus is easily distinguished. He mounts a platform and addresses the crowd.

M. B.— Friends, Nobles, Kinsmen. Hear me for my cause and be silent that others may not hear. I need not to recall to thy minds the memory of my recent misfortune which was not only an outrage against myself, a man of peace, but also an insult to all of the House of '97. Ours is a common foe. Down with the men of the third estate. (The speaker's attention is diverted at this juncture by the lurid glare which lights up the countenances of those in the region of one Benjamin, who is only making forcible remarks. When it is suggested to follow his leadership, the momentary flash disappears and the speaker continues.) We have met to right our wrongs this night. It seems wise that our proceedings be discussed, that no mistake be made. Ere long, two of our enemies will pass this way from the place of revelry where they now tarry. What say you shall be their fate? Let each express his thought.

FIRST MAN.— Let them be suspended from yon silvery crescent. Methinks 'twere a fitting fate for lunatics such as they.

SECOND MAN.— Let them be submerged in the moat near yon cathedral on the hill.

THIRD MAN.— Nay, not so, my lords, let them be constrained to cut underbrush in the garden of the Bishop in Ripton. Methinks 'twere a worthy task.

M. B.— Hold? Know ye the swamp over against Belden's? I know it to be a place filled with terrors. Hobgoblins, dark pitfalls, loathsome reptiles and venomous mosquitoes. Let them wander there at their pleasure. To me, it seemeth a goodly scheme.

ALL.— Good, good! We'll do it.

M. B.— 'Tis well. Let each in silence take some secluded station and prepare for action. (They disperse and conceal themselves by the wayside.)

(Again, near the great building the spectral shapes flit to and fro. From the neighboring cathedral the clock strikes

the midnight hour. Footsteps are heard approaching and Duntonicus aud Robertus appear.)

DUNTONICUS.— In sooth, Robertus, we passed a pleasant hour.

ROBERTUS.— Yea, my lord, *they* entertained us royally.

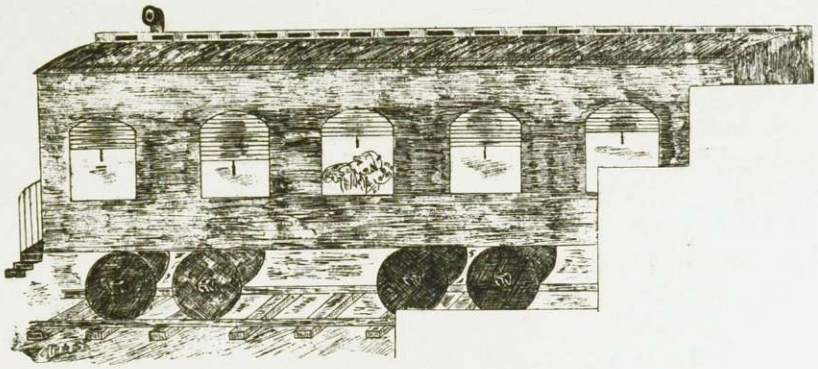
DUNTONICUS.— Ha, look yonder! Saw ye not a man?

ROBERTUS.— I saw no one, my lord.

DUNTONICUS.— Oh, fly, good friend. We are surrounded. Not one, but a multitude. (They turn to flee but are quickly captured, deprived of their valuables, bound, gagged and borne away to their awful fate, escorted by the band of conspirators. Marcus Brutus alone remains behind. He slowly wends his way toward Castle Battell and finally pauses before the east turret.)

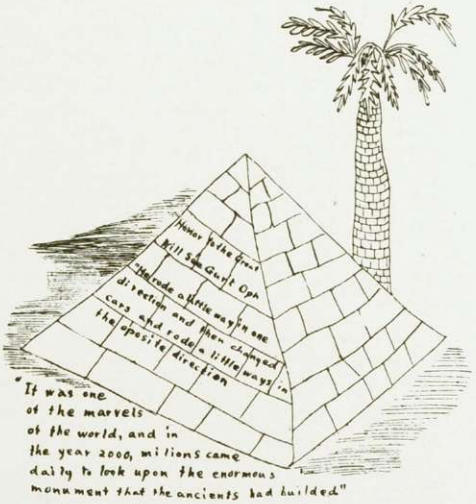
M. B.—Now all things have come to pass, even as I would have had them. I am revenged. The Gods have helped me and if some kindly power would give me one, *only one*, glance from my lady's bright eyes, methinks I might betake me to my couch and rest content. (Over him hangs the balcony. The considerate moon conceals her face. The stars likewise fade away As he stands thus gazing upward with a rapt expression the window opens. Slowly and dreamily Brigida appears She steps out on the balcony. As they stand thus the rosy light from the window shines forth surrounding them like a halo of glory. The radiant beams stream out into the night and reveal in the far distance the vanishing clan of '97. The light rests upon the great edifice opposite and strangely lifelike shadows beckon each other fantastically. Slowly it fades, flickers and at last is gone)

CHORUS OF VOICES.—"Thus hath the candle singed the moth." (A burst of wierd laughter floats on the breeze and all is still.)



From the Unwritten Past.

THE patriots met in secret and placed their feet successively upon the neck of the tyrant, and when they had enacted various laws and by-laws they elected the great Wum Kan See *pater primus;* they resolved to construct a railroad that would unite the farthest extremes of the commonwealth, and a railroad was thereupon consequently built. And when it was built it was found that no provision had been made whereby trains could be run in opposite directions at the same time, and therefore, when a train started at one end of the route it must needs continue to the other end, and no train could start from the other end because there was no provision whereby it could pass the approaching train. All the mathematicians were called into council, and was found that all trouble could be obviated by running no trains whatsoever and so recommended to the *pater primus* and by him this opinion was more or less duly presented to the patriots in assembly convened, and there was much debate; for a part maintained that the mathematicians were correct, and a part that they were not correct, and they were equally divided until at last the great Will See Gurl Oph arose, and


Humor to the front
Will See Gurl Oph
Illustrate a little way in one
direction and then changed
cars and rode a little way in
the opposite direction
"It was one
of the marvels
of the world, and in
the year 2000, millions came
daily to look upon the enormous
monument that the ancients had builded"

in a mighty speech declared that he was accustomed to ride a little ways in one direction and then change cars and ride a little ways in another direction. And then the patriots voted that the heads of the mathematicians should be stricken off and a track be so laid that trains should run a little ways in one direction and then stop, and other trains should run a little ways in the other direction. And Will See Gurl Oph was satisfied and trains wers so run and Will See Gurl Oph rode a little ways on one train and got off, and rode a little ways on another train going in the opposite direction, and every one smiled and was happy and the country grew prosperous. And never will the name of Will See Gurl Oph be forgotten nor his exploits ceased to be extolled. For Will See Gurl Oph rode a little ways in one direction, and then changed cars and rode a little ways in the opposite direction.

A Student's Catastrophe.

Not far from the falls of the Otter,
Where the lapping waters leap,
In silvered foam, past jutting stone,
O'er rugged ledges steep.

There stands an ancient hemlock,
Whose tapering crest looks down
On cataract and railroad track
And spires of Belden town.

Beneath the sighing branches,
Within their darkest shade,
A cabin stands—not made with hands—
Where dwells a holy maid.

One day in bleak December,
This maid, inspiring awe,
Seemed wrapped in thought so deep that naught
Of outward things she saw.

The door of her cabin was open ;
Yet, heedless of piercing cold,
Upon a mat in silence sat
The sybil, grey and old.

At length this aged virgin
From revery awoke,
And to her cat and blinded bat
These sad forebodings spoke :

" Mark well my words, companions,
Before the day be o'er,
Some stalwart kid of grand old ' Midd.'
Will likely feel quite sore."

"Moaned not the mournful night wind
Of sorrows soon to come
As if old Nick, by some ill trick,
Pursued a luckless one?"

"This morn the golden sunbeams,
Which fleck the sparkling snow,
In impish glee danced o'er the lea;
Some mischief dark they know."

"Now look, the luckless mortal
Pursues the fleeing train,
In fevered haste, no time to waste;
Yet his pursuit is vain."

"What awful disappointment
Is written in his face!
Lo! now he saith, 'I'm left! I'm left!'
And slackens he the pace."

"The wily son of Venus
Hath duped the college lad;
By malice led, he softly said,
'Why make the parting sad?'"

"'At Belden's fall the trains meet,
Then go ye to that place;
Since by her side ye now can ride
And soon your way retrace.'"

"Oh! curse the lying Cupid!
The youth believed his lies.
He now, too late, bewails his fate
With grief and tearful eyes."

A Saturday Morning Program.

1. BOSS RULE AT ALBANY, - - - - BEN ABED.

Tom Platt, the personification of corrupt politics, shall no longer rule in the Empire State. Prof. Howard and I have held a caucus and so decided it. The young men of the State must have *more* of a chance.

2. EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE (essay), - MARY AUDLEY.

Alcohol paralyzes the motor nerve ; it paralyzes the sensory nerves ; it paralyzes the auditory nerves ; it paralyzes the olfactory nerves ; it paralyzes the glosso-pharyngeal nerves ; it paralyzes the optic nerves ; it paralyzes the mental nerves ; it paralyzes the moral nerves ; in fact, it paralyzes the nerves.—(See editorials, Temperance Herald, vol. iv., No. 5.)

3. MOSQUITO (essay), - - - - - ANNA ROONY.

Spring has come. We have heard the beauties of nature sung, but I'm the first to notice the mosquito's euphonious hum. *(Applause.)* The mosquito is a dispensation of Providence. Let us not be angry with the mosquito, and beware lest we lose our tempers. *(Laughter and great applause.)*

4. EMIGRATION, - - - - - - - - JAY CAD.

The great unsolved problem is emigration. Let us solve this problem. *(Continued applause, waving of handkerchiefs and throwing of flowers.)*

5. OUR MARKING SYSTEM, - - - - - TRILBY.

Marking on the basis of recitations does not determine how much the student knows. It is illogical, and therefore it should be abolished. *(Hear ! Hear ! Hear ! from various parts of the room.)* Marking on the basis of examinations does not determine how much the student has learned. It is illogical, and therefore it should be abolished. *(Hear ! Good ! Good !)* Our present system encourages mere memorizing, discourages true learning and leads to the practice of cribbing. *(Hear ! Hear ! from Sammie.)*

6. COLLEGE SPIRIT, - - - - - - - - TIPPY.

The encouragement of football is the great way to build up a college. Moreover, all college organizations ought to pay up their debts and not leave any student in the lurch. We believe in true college spirit. If you want to see a first-class exhibition of that sort of thing come and see *us* rush the pigskin. *(Immense applause. It takes ten minutes to quell the enthusiasm.)*

From a Manuscript Dated 1863.

Agripina together with two handimaids made a pilgrimage to the mansion of the venerable Prof. Henry Martin Seely, A. M., M. D., of Middlebury College, and prefaced, with maiden blushes and a voice which betrayed intense emotion, this humble request: "Please, Mr. Seely, will you give me the loan of your skeleton for——" (Surprise and pain commingle upon the countenance of the learned professor. And the light-headed handimaids gaze out of the front window at the rapidly approaching meat-cart and smile serenely.)

Agripina recovers herself and starts afresh: "We girls, you know, want to study anatomy and celebrate the mystic rites of Pauline. And we would crave the loan of the skeleton that graces the cabinet of the college museum. We won't hurt it any. We * * * * *." (The balance of the manuscript is illegible and the only words we could decipher were "Freshman Co-ed," "Hair," "Fainted," "Half-Absence.")

What is home
without a Mathematics-law
Just Landed
Rose
Geranium
"And he came to a large building, and many women were both entering and coming therefrom, and it seemed to him a paper ware-house, and he entered and demanded of the chief clerk, of paper, a drachma's worth."

An Episode.

[We wish to express our indebtedness to one member of the class of '98 for valuable data and circumstances in regard to the facts herein related.]

Once upon an evening dreary,
While I pondered weak and weary
Over many a dry and musty
Book of mathematic lore ;
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered,
"Tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember
It was in the late September,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Tremblingly I feared the morrow ;
From my text books I could borrow
An increasing weight of sorrow,
For my flunkings o'er and o'er,
For frightfully frequent flunkings,

Zeros which my records bore—
Would they'd bore me nevermore!

And the solemn, wierd, uncertain
Rustling of each cotton curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with collegiate
Terrors often felt before;
So that now to check the beating
Of my heart I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door—
Some lone visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently, my courage stronger,
Hesitating then no longer,
"Friend," said I, "or stranger, truly,
Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was cribbing"
(Though I knew that I was fibbing,
An amorphous kind of squibbing,)
"And I scarce was sure I heard you"—
Here I opened wide the door—
'Twas a marvel, nothing more.

Blank into the hallway peering,
Long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, viewing scenes no Hall girl
Ever dreamed to see before;
But the silence soon was broken
And the visitor gave token,
And the trembling words were spoken:
"Is n't this the printing office door?"
Thus he faltered, and I, echoing,
Murmured low the "office door"—
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into my room retreating,
All my wisdom quickly fleeting

At my heart's more rapid beating,
Even louder than before;
"This is," said I, "Sure, a blunder—
Some delusion he is under.
Is it possible, I wonder—
Something he will e'er deplore—
That he knows not yet the difference
'Twixt Battell Hall and Battell's store?
Poor green Freshman, nothing more."

On this student's disappearing,
Banishing my doubt and fearing,
Came this muttering to my hearing—
Scarce from him you'd such expect—
"Wretch! what am I—fool or fated,
That at this lone hour belated
To this home of beings hated
I my footsteps should direct?"
Then he hastened on his errand,
And the thoughts you may detect
Which his troubled looks reflect.

Much he hoped and much expected
It would pass by all neglected,
This sad errand misdirected
The girls' quarters to explore,
But next morning it was spoken
And my spell of silence broken,
And each face beamed forth the token
They enjoyed it more and more,
And in spite of his entreating
We the tale are still repeating,
To be silenced nevermore.

Ye Swipes.

I.

IN the days when Ezra reigned throughout the land of Midd, during the year of the German Invasion, the men of '98 began to grow in wisdom, stature and courage.

Now one day, Theodore, the Boaster, of the tribe of Munroe, went to his class-mates of the men and maidens of '98 and said unto them: "Behold, I give ye a great and holy feast that we may justly celebrate our great valor. But in your preparations be cautious, lest the savage hosts of '97 make battle with us and keep our mighty men from the festivities. Come one and all, adorned with garlands and silken garments, and let each one bring his horn or timbrel that we may delight the ear with abundance of music. If the wicked Sophs forbid it not we will have a real large time."

II.

But alas for the men of '98! The men of '97 with great skill and cunning discovered the prepared feast and held a council of war in the house of Arthur, the Mule Driver. Then there entered the council some of the wise and valiant upper-class-men, and unto the Sophs they offered many a weighty word of advice. After long discussion they concluded to do service to their gods by offering upon the altar a meek and lowly Fresh. Then there entered in great haste a warlike Junior who announced: "Behold, Willie, the Gavel Bearer, waiteth after that his brethren have departed and even now is observing in his sanctuary the last of the sacred rites. Arise and seize him hand and foot that ye may make of him a burnt-offering to our gods. Let him not eat at the feast or bask in the smiles of the fair damsels." Then the strong men of '97 prepared ropes and cords and then departed from the council-room to the place of ambush.

III.

Meanwhile the men and maidens of '98 had gathered at the appointed place and all were there but one, Willie, the Gavel Bearer, of the tribe of Richmond, was not yet with them, for he was sitting in his house inscribing upon his tablets the words he was never to utter. Of a sudden a knock was heard at the gate, but he gave no answer; then with a mighty crash the gate was flung open and there appeared Lammie, the Reverend. The valiant Gavel Bearer made a fervent appeal to his future home for protection, and asked of the Reverend the reason of such insolence, but the Reverend only hid his face in shame as he inquired for Tit, the Terror, and then departed with the news for the men of '97. Then the worthy Gavel Bearer wrapped his mantle about him and strode forth upon the road. Soon he saw the dusky forms of the enemies surrounding him and he began to run, but it was too late, so he turned and smote one Arthur called "Pipe" with a mighty blow of his fist. But now the men of '97 have seized him and departed with him into a distant land. And they came with him to the house of one Smith, of the land of Shedrick, who now has great Faith. Then he placed before them the best fruits of his trees and the oldest wine of his cellar, but let all honor be given to the man of '98, for so he said, "Nay, I eat not with Jews and Ruffians." So he sat in dignified silence during that beastly orgy.

IV.

Then there arose three mighty men of '95 and one of '96 and said: "Let us go and enjoy the feast prepared for the men of '98." So they started out, Dexter, of the Land of Mud, Tit, the Rose-Yard, Dug, the Chicken-Killer, and Willie, the Baby. When they came to the house where the feast was to be held they found a splendid array of edibles spread before them upon the shelf of the window, and, lo, they swiped much of the feast, and going into a distant land they gorged themselves with the abundance of good things; then they returned the gold and silver utensils which they had emptied and cleansed and went on their way rejoicing. And, lo, there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth among the men and maidens of '98.

V.

At last courage came unto the men of '98 and they said: "Let us avenge the insults cast upon us, for we have lost both our President and our feast." Then a mighty band started forth amid the weeping and wailing of the damsels. And when they came unto Starr Hall they thought to destroy all the men of '97, but Ben, the Boaster, Park, the Mule Driver, and Cad, the Farmer, withstood them most valiantly. Then Cad said unto them. "Condemn ye!" and behold, the men of '98 fled in great dismay. But on their return they fell in with one Marcus, of Battell Hall, and compelled him to go with them to the feast. Then they returned amid great din of rejoicing and feasted and sung songs, and Charles blew upon his horn, and Florence played her jews-harp, and Robin, the Greedy, ate his fill, and all told lies, and drank milk, yea, and Jo, the Jeweller, even drank coffee. Then in the pale light of morning they sorrowfully wended their way to their tents and shrouded themselves in sackcloth and ashes and mourned for many a day. And the Faculty said: "All is well. Allah be praised!"

The Bulletin.

EXTRA.

CARDS OF THANKS.

The members of the faculty wish to express their thanks to the management of the Kaleidoscope for having carried out the enterprise without financial aid from them.

The members of the baseball nine gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to Tippy and Ben Abed for their helpfulness and sympathy in time of trouble.

WANTS.

Advertisements under this head, 1c. a word, 7½c. a square in.

WANTED—A copy of Cutt's celebrated Chinese puzzle.—E. Bridgham, Prof. of Mechanics, Middlebury College.

WANTED—Ventilation for the chapel. —All.

WANTED—Positions.—The Seniors.

WANTED—A rest.—The Juniors.

WANTED—Class spirit.—The Sophomores.

WANTED—More work and a recognition of their worth.—The Freshmen.

WANTED—Some more library rules; would prefer them engrossed on parchment and neatly framed.—Committee on Library Decoration.

FOUND.

APRIL 1, 1895.—A rare and beautiful blossom.—Inquire of Prof. Bryant.

MARCH, 1895.—By some Sophomores, themselves in a bad condition.—Particulars as to cause and remedy may be obtained in person from Prof. Thos. Emerson Boyce.

MAY, 1895.—A new use for H_2S.—For particulars call on The Prince of Wales.

LOST.

By various students, the opportunity of playing base ball. A suitable reward will be given for information leading to the recovery of the same.

Through misapprehension, connections for a walk home from church. Full particulars will be furnished by the undersigned upon receipt of a two cent stamp. —Uncle Arley Parkhurst.

Through extreme diffidence, an opportunity.—Finder will please return to James E. Goodman, Jr.

BUSINESS CARDS.

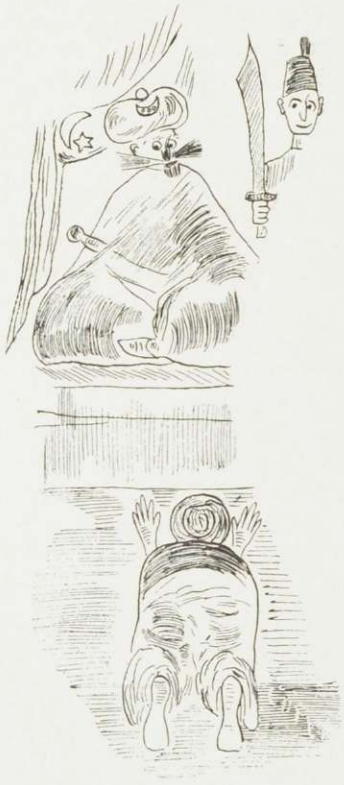
BEN ABED, agent for soda water; "tips" on base ball. A word to the wise is sufficient. Call and see me.

A. PIPER, general lieutenant for all subscription book publishing companies. Will drill you and show you how to succeed.

E. EDGERTON, elocution and vocal culture. Hours from 1 to 3 a. m.

Remains of an Ancient Classic.

[Omitted from Al Koran.]



IN the year 250 from the birth of the Prophet, the Commander of the Faithful at Bagdad called to him his trusted eunuch, Beunamuctazet, and commanded him to travel through far-off and distant countries and the countries possessed by the dogs of Christians, and return and tell what one of such unheard of and extraordinary customs as he might meet would most exalt the power of Mahomet.

The eunuch, Beunamuctazet, prostrated himself three times before the Commander of the Faithful and retired to the court yard of the palace and there remained twenty-four hours in fasting and prayer, and then he departed as commanded. For ten years he traveled and visited all the nations of the earth and learned all their customs, and then he returned to Bagdad.

The Commander of the Faithful, the Caliph Mucktapashalet immediately summoned the eunuch before him, and commanded him to tell that for which he had been sent on so long a journey. And Beunamuctazet, the Captain of the Girls, said that the rulers of the Christian dogs had a peculiar custom of choosing a man whom they kept at the court and who amused them during their leisure, and they were called court fools. And this custom he recommended to the Commander of the Faithful.

The Commander of the Faithful immediately instituted an assembly of all the fools in his dominion, so that he might obtain a fool in no wise inferior to the fools of the hated Christian rulers.

And when the assembly had sat for forty days and forty nights, he selected Typpylutazed and installed him in the outer palace of his First Harem of Magnificent Choice.

And Typpylutazed immediately began to entertain the Commander of the Faithful and twenty of his most beautiful wives, and he took a fine glass globe, made by a second cousin of the prophet Mahomet and which cost a million pounds of pure gold, and holding it high above his head let it fall and it was broken into a thousand pieces, and they all clapped their hands and laughed, for was not Typpylutazed the Court fool and was he not entertaining them?

And so did the court fool entertain the Commander of the Faithful and his two thousand wives for a thousand days. But one day he wandered into the council chamber and espying the bowl in which all the Caliphs from Mahomet down had washed their feet he picked it up and it slipped from his fingers and fell to the marble floor with a crash and was broken into fragments. But Typpylutazed retired to his room at once and said: "As no one saw me no one will suspect me, and the eunuchs will all be severely whipped."

But when the Commander of the Faithful came to the council chamber and saw what had taken place he ordered his grand eunuch, Beunamuctazet, to be dragged before him by the hair of his head, and said to him when arraigned at his feet: "Dog, I will learn you to travel among the despised Christians and recommend to your

exalted Caliph their ungodly customs. Drag him to the rooms of torture and never let him see the light of the moon again." And then he banished Typpylutazed to the barren desert, for lo and behold! he knew that Typpylutazed had perpetrated the diabolical sacrilege, for had he not left there his characteristic mark? And thus ended all customs not taught by Ali and his prophet, Mahomet.

The Sad History of Amos Kito.

A GENTLE breeze came stealing from the Creek, bearing on its drowsy wings Amos Kito, who, more enterprising than his neighbors, had determined in his progressive brain to enter college. Having already had instilled into his mind the fundamental principle of political science that it is well to patronize home industries, and also being mindful of the benefits to be obtained for himself by selecting the best of the kind, he fixed his attention upon Middlebury as his future home.

Therefore, we can understand with what a trembling spirit he left the supporting breeze and made his first trip for himself through the open door into the lower hall of the chapel. Softly humming to himself a tune to cheer his drooping spirits, he peeped through the keyhole into the laboratory. But horrors! what an experience for his first entrance! In a faint he fell back upon the floor, stunned and senseless, almost deadened by the sickening odors of $H_2 S$ and $NH_4 OH$.

After some half an hour, he was aroused by the slamming of a door on his left, and, in hopes of finding there some water to help him in regaining consciousness, he essayed to enter. Within he saw a class which he fain would join, and on the desk were scattered flowers and leaves which reminded him so forcibly of home that the sight brought tears to his homesick eyes. But those tears fell for another and a far different reason, for the odor of the mortal enemy of his tribe, Penny Royal, stole forth to him, and in dismay and terror he fled to the regions above.

Startled by the crowd around the bulletin board, he dodged hastily by them and through a door, where in rapture and delight he gazed long upon the Grecian works of art, and the Grecian countenances of the students. Then, feeling faint on account of lack of food, he seated himself upon the back of a horse at the front, and attempted to draw thence some nutriment. But alas! the horse was a plaster of Paris one; and, angry at the deception which had been played upon him, in disgust he left and ascended the stairs, one by one.

Merely glancing into the chapel and turning up his nose at the odor of the impure air, he paused at the threshold of the mathematical room to rest and recuperate. Imagine his homelike

feelings when he heard the professor recounting to the class tales of his race which from time immemorial had been handed down from father to son as legends of the tribe. The class was dismissed, but still he sat there in mournful reverie, yet joyful in the thought that even here was found what in their provincial language was denominated "chest nuts."

Believing with the great and good of all times that there is always room at the top, he at last roused himself and started onward. Pausing only long enough at the senior door to salute with due respect the portrait of his fellow creature, Daniel Webster, he ascended once more the stairs. But here a serious accident almost occurred. As he was passing the German door in haste, on account of the strange sounds proceeding thence, a breeze set in motion by the capacious lungs of some foreigner speaking inside nearly beat him against the wall; and, but for his having set himself with all his force against it, his life would have been ended on this his first college day.

Taking advantage of a lull in the conversation, he proceeded to a door in front and entered. Peace here prevailed. Alighting on the cover of the Bible on the dusty table, he hummed his little psalm of praise, and, worn out by his new experiences and hair breadth escapes, and lulled to sleep by the melodious tones of the organ, he gladly rested in the Y. M. C. A. room, where peace remains unbroken even for Amos Kito.

Too Base Hits.

PROF. IN CHEMISTRY (giving directions to the class).—"Arsenic is of great commercial value. It is much used in dy(e)ing. (A voice from the back seats murmurs "Rats!") It is a very *vital* subject when it is a question of life and death. Now, Mr. W., you take arsenic."

PROF. IN MATHEMATICS (looking at a problem on the board).—"Mr. B., what do you think of Miss H.'s value? ought it to be 0?"

MR. B.—"I think it should be one."

IN RHETORIC CLASS. MALE STUDENT (sentimentally).—"All co-eds are lovely. You are a co-ed; you are——"

SHE (squelchingly).—"That is a silly-gism."

MODERN LANGUAGE CLASS. STUDENT (translating).—"Marriage is an excellent school."

PROF.—"I suggest then that college be suspended and that we all enter it."

STUDENT IN HISTORY.—"The Hundred Years' War was broken into many pieces, and the pieces were very short."

LATIN CLASS. STUDENT (translating).—"And, what some think unfortunate, I have no wife."

PROF. (unmarried).—"What do you think that means?"

STUDENT.—"It means he was fortunate not to have one."

PROF.—"Now *I* think it is fortunate to have one."

PROF. (after a week's vacation, in which he had taken an help-meet unto himself).—"This week's vacation hasn't amounted to much, after all."

RHETORIC CLASS. PROF. (making a diagram).—"Animals may be divided into Henry Smith and Henry Smith's dog."

STUDENT.—"To which class do you belong?"

From Our View-Point.

SCENE I. Before class. Two students conversing.

MR. C. —"By Gee! There's the bell, and I haven't read over but three pages of this blamed lesson."

MR. T.—"What are you going to do? Take a half?"

MR. C.—"No s-i-r! I'll work a bluff."

MR. T.—"How?"

MR. C.—"Wait and see."

SCENE II. In class, five minutes later. Student reciting; Mr. C. writing and whispering.

PROF. (suddenly).—"That will do, Mr. C., recite please."

(Mr. C. rises and recites two of the three pages he knows and drops into his seat.)

MR. C. (to Mr. T.)—"I told you so. It always works."

New Editions of Familiar Books.

Snow Bound.
Elementary Mechanics.

Twice Told Tales.
Familiar Prose Quotations.
Blank Books.
Manuel of Botany.
New and second hand editions of Critical Masterpieces.
Whitney's Short German Grammar.
Encyclopaedia of General Knowledge.
Heavenly Twins.
Footsteps of Angels.

Deserted Village.
Address to the Nightingale.
Lock(e)'s Human Understanding.
Ships that Pass in the Night.
Much Ado About Nothing.
The Goodnatured Man.

College, Feb. 8.
Tippie's scheme for turning off the electric lights.
Tommy's Jokes.
Prexy's Chapel Talks.
Freshman Brains.
Barlow.

Chapel Productions.

Biddy.

Moore.
Jordan and Bliss.
Boys coming down chapel stairs.
Middlebury in Summer.
Charlie's Speech to the Rose.

Seely's Feet.
Boats on the Creek.
97's Class Supper.
Scott.

Our Special.

One lovely morning in early Fall,
When the Autumn glory was over all,
A band of students to old Midd. came,
To write '96 on the scroll of fame.

Then came a man of fair renown,
From his abode in a far off town,
To dwell with us in college halls
And pilot us through our student squalls.

This worthy aim is well fulfilled ;
He proves himself a man well skilled,
And ever among us he proudly stands
With the keys of our confidence in his hands.

Also the keys of the chapel tower,
Lest haply in some unguarded hour,
Some foolish Soph or Freshman swell
Should disturb our dreams by the midnight bell.

In our ranks are lawyers and Prof's to be ;
In fact, lacking nothing but a degree,
But, ahead of us all with smile serene,
As a junior special, stands Mr. Bean.

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of '95.

WE, the class of '95, of Middlebury Coll., of the town of Midd. Co., Addison St., Vt., realizing that our days in this life are numbered, and believing ourselves to be hopelessly shattered in mind, memory and understanding on this, the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, do make and declare this to be our last will and testament, in manner following, to wit:—

First.—We do give, devise, and bequeath unto our successors, the class of '96, the memory of our wonderful career, that they may profit by it and work out for themselves a far more exceeding weight of glory.

Second.—We do give, devise, and bequeath to the student body the privilege of occupying the space in and about the College formerly so inadequate to our dimensions.

Third.—We do give, devise, and bequeath to the Sophomore class, as a solace for their diminutiveness, the promise that certain days of prayer and fasting in their behalf shall be proclaimed henceforward, until they graduate.

Fourth.—We do give, devise, and bequeath to the Chapel Choir a new edition of the Laudes Domini, and strongly advise them to pay some attention to the music as it is written.

Fifth.—We do give, devise, and bequeath to the Faculty the sum of $6,000, to be used in preventing the issue of unseemly junior ex-publications.

Sixth.—We do give, devise, and bequeath to Prof. Wright a tenth of his interest in us, to be used for the benefit of '96.

Seventh.—We do give, devise, and bequeath to the classes in French and German our heartfelt sympathy.

And lastly.—We do hereby nominate and appoint, as executors of this our last will and testament, the class of '97; and, in consideration of the trouble there imposed upon them, we do hereby

give and bequeath unto each of our said executors our chemistry aprons and any and all accessories thereto appertaining that may be found in their respective desks in the Laboratory.

In witness whereof, we, the class of '95, to this our last will and testament, have hereunto set our hand and seal, this 23rd day of June, 1895.

CLASS OF '95.

Signed, sealed and declared by the above named class of '95, as and for their last will and testament, in the presence of us, who at their request, and in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names hereunto as witnesses thereof.

O. K. McGINTY,
Injustice of War.

1. THOMAS WENTWORTH.
2. MIKE HIGGINS.
3. JESSE CAMPBELL.

A Thrice Told Tale.

Sweet Weybridge, loneliest village of the plain
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where Ninety-Fives their annual visit paid
While fickle fortune left them there dismayed.
Dear lonely house of mirthfulness and ease,
Home of one Wright, where every joy could please,
How briefly did we linger o'er thy green
Where clearly, bright moonlight revealed each scene;
How briefly did we pause on every charm—
The sheltered porch, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, ice-bound and still,
The decent church which topped the neighboring hill.
How briefly did we stand and gaze
Where toil remitting lent its turn to plays,
And all the Sophomore class, from labor free,
Were eating onions and drinking tea,
While many a pun and jest and laugh was made,
The girls contending while the boys surveyed.
These were thy charms, lone village; sports like these,
With quick succession, taught e'en toil to please.
These, round that home, their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms.—But all these charms soon fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports soon fled, thy charms were soon withdrawn.
Amidst thy sheds dark Freshman forms were seen
And in the morn thy wagons decked the college green.
One bob-sled only for the girls remained!
Dilemma terrbile! O, dismay unfeigned!
No more in single carriages as yesterday,
But crowded close you went your muddy way.
Disconsolate thy boys walked on beside,
And looked and longed, alas! that they could ride.

Chipman Hill.

Right royally hath nature
Strewn her gifts about our little town ;
On field and river, she hath cast
The mantle of her grace ; But
Tell me, can you find a fairer spot
Than this fair sunny hill,
That like a guardian giantess
Forever watches o'er our peaceful burg ?
Here, tired with dust and toil,
The weary heart can rise above its ills
And feel the sweet repose that
Ever springs to bless and strengthen
Those who love the hills.
Hast thou forgotten, soul, the likeness
Of thy lovely vale, and sad dost
Thou repine within thy little
Garden's narrow bounds?
Come, climb this grassy slope
And there behold spread out
Before thee such a winsome scene
As will rebuke thy selfish greed.
All, all is thine, to gaze on and enjoy.

What greater boon can any ask than this, to feel the soul expand? Now stretch thyself beneath the pines and breathe the wondrous healing of the air.

Rest thy tired head upon the brown earth's breast and dream of God.

Then, when the sun hath reached the western sky, before he sinks behind the purple bound, take up thy station on the hill top once again and see the wondrous glory of the sky, until the angels of the night spread their dark wings and stars peep out on high.

Then, soul, if aught of comfort
Thou hast gained, go seek thy friend
And say the Lord hath given them,
Also Chipman Hill.

The Senior.

Oh thou most high and mighty Senior!

Thou who sittest like a God even upon the topmost round of the ladder of learning! before the awful gaze of thy all comprehending eye my soul faints with horror, and I feel that in thy dread presence I am as nothing.

Oh Senior thou art alike wonderful for sagacity and for a marvellous faculty for putting aside the trivial cares of life, orations, recitations, attendance at chapel, and, in fact, all those things that the foolish Soph. seeketh after.

Oh Senior! how our hearts fill with envy as thou passest by and we mark thy stately bearing and the bewildering graciousness of thy smile, when thou deignest to look in our direction.

With what a sense of the eternal *fitness* of things do we gaze on thy new spring suit.

Oh Senior thou leavest us in the *leavey* month of June and our hearts are sad, for too often we are constrained to pay sundry bills of thy contracting, and we weep because thou art not!

If thou wert, perchance thou wouldst feel the inspiring influence of a caning at our hands. However, we are spared the profanation of our canes, and soon another generation like unto thyself arises, and we are it.

The River.

Mid the green hills of Vermont,
From some mystic woodland haunt,

Slowly creeping, winding down,
Through the highlands, past the town,

Flashing many a silver gleam
Flows our Otler, peaceful stream.

Like a princely knight in proud array,
Sometimes, it hurries along the way,

Past banks of moss and feathery brake,
To meet ere long the queenly lake.

And often, warrior like again,
As if forgetting fair Champlain,

It slowly steals through shady bowers,
Right loth to leave the trees and flowers,

Beguiled perchance by some fair Naiad
To rest forever near her glade.

But under the surface, swift and strong,
A mighty current sweeps along,

And the dancing wavelets may not rest
Until they reach the distant Trest.

Oh river of our college days!
Our hearts forever sing thy praise,

Though all too soon in other lands
We wander over far-famed strands.

Yet like thy current, quick below,
Back to the banks our thoughts shall flow,

And through the tumult of the years,
Thy music sweet shall reach our ears,

For ne'er from the soul can the memory fade
When once the pipes of Pan have played.

Land and Water.

A PECULIAR mixture of substances was recently given for analysis to the class of '96 under the direction of the assistant professor of chemistry. Much time and care has been spent in the work; but had not the supply been almost inexhaustible it is probable that no satisfactory result would have been obtained. But whenever the mixture began to run short, nature kindly supplied another edition like unto the first by deluging the streets of Middlebury with copious streams from "yon blue heavens above us bent."

The following is a general description of the appearance of the mixture. In color it varied according to the strength from a light yellow down through reddish brown and seal brown to black. Its odor is peculiar unto itself, being aromatic, pungent and sickening. There are floating in the solution crystals of various colors, shapes and sizes, besides many different amorphous particles. When the water of solution is driven off by exposure to the sun, these particles cohere in a solid compact impenetrable mass, which, if it becomes fixed to a person's garments, works sure ruin, as it is absolutely insoluble.

The substance was at length decided to be Middlebury clay mud, with the following formula: $K_2\ Fe\ O_4$, $[N\ (C_2\ H_5)_3 H\ Cl] \times Pt\ Il_4$, $Na_2\ Co_3$, $Al_2\ (So_4)_3 \times (N\ H_4)_2\ So_4 \times 24\ H_2\ O$, $Al_3\ O_3\ K_2\ O$. $6\ Si\ O_2$, $Cl_2\ (So_4)_3$. $K_2\ So_4$, $N\ H_2\ Hg\ Cl \times N\ H_4\ Cl$, $Ca_3\ (P\ O_4)_2 \times Ca_2\ P\ O_4\ F$, $N\ H_4\ Na\ H\ PO_4$, $H\ Na_2\ As\ O_4 \times 12\ H_2\ O$, and also in minute quantities $Cr_2\ (O\ H)_6$, $Na_2\ Mn\ O_4$, and $K_2\ Fe_2\ (C_3\ N_3)_4$. Besides these have been found some half dozen elements before unknown which have not been isolated on account of their intimate association with $Na_4\ Fe_2\ (C_3\ N_3)_2\ (C_2\ N_2\ No)_2$.

Ollendorf As He Is Versified.

Who bids me to beware of men?
Mon père.
Who lets me coquette now and then?
Ma mère.
Who makes believe he's grown *blasè?*
Mon cher.
Who likes to give him quite away?
Mon frère.

Who tip their hats and even dare:
"*Bon jour*"?
The swells who love a nice *affaire*
d'amour.
Who, when they smile as though to kill,
"*Bon soir,*"
Just whispers low these words that chill:
"*Bête noir*"?

Who, when they whisper: "*Tres jolie,*
Petit,"
Just lifts her eyes and questions: "*Oui?*"
so sweet?
Who knows when things are *comme il faut,*
À fin?
And makes each *bon mot, apropos,*
tres bien?

Who in a costume *négligé,*
sometimes,
Just airs her Ollendorf this way
in rhymes?
Let some one answer for I will
jamais!
And *entre nous,* speak English, *s'il*
vous plait.

—James Clarence Harvey.

The Deacon's Bluff.

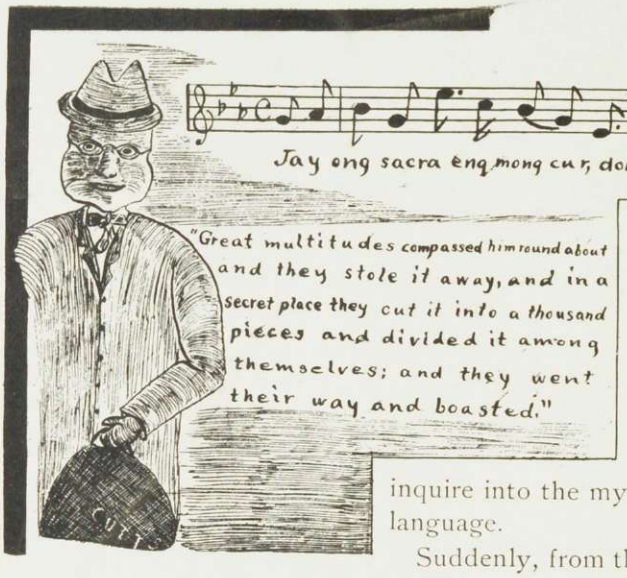
The morning hymn still quivered on the air,
Still dwelt the lesson of the morning prayer,
When Deacon Smith, forgetful of the day,
Went down the aisle in absent-minded way.

And then the while the organ softly played
Each devotee a little offering made;
And Deacon Smith, with thoughts of night before,
Pew after pew, approached the open door.

Old Deacon Jones was absent-minded, too,
And as the box came gliding into view,
Without a glance his careless hand let slip
A brightly-hued, ten-dollar poker chip.

And Deacon Smith, with that unfaltering gaze
You 're sure to notice when a bluffer plays,
Produced two counterparts, and smiled again
And whispered: "Jones, I'll have to raise you ten."

—JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.


Jay ong sacra enq mong cur, douce Marie—
"Great multitudes compassed him round about and they stole it away, and in a secret place they cut it into a thousand pieces and divided it among themselves; and they went their way and boasted."
CUTS

The Prof. sits calmly at his desk. His bag reposes quietly in the corner, while the diligent and faithful students gather lovingly around his desk to inquire into the mysteries of the French language.

Suddenly, from the mass of students a man, reminding one of an Arabian Fakir emerges, and creeping stealthily towards the corner, secretes the bag within his coat and disappears through the doorway. One by one the enquiring minds are satisfied and go out, until only one is left. The Prof. searches vainly for the missing article but alas, it is not !

In a dark and narrow passage a small band is assembled. The scowl of anxiety hangs upon their brows, and large knives in their hands indicate that business of importance is to be done. The missing bag is produced, and soon as a bag it is no more. Fantastic figures, babies, squares and every imaginable kind of pen-wipers are produced and the terrible deed is done.

Prof. ;	bag ;	Wag	went ;
Class	wag.	Bag	too.
All	sent ;	Soph.	Jew

Rent bag quite in two.

Propagation — Wicked Sophs !

Generation — Prof. rief

Small Profs. Hank thief.

Prof. Howard's Twenty Memorable Dates.

1.	Day '96 entered college, - - - - -	Sept. 8, '92.
2.	Roscoe gets a Christmas present from Tommy,	Dec. 25.
3.	Alice received a photo from the Earl of St. Stephens, - - - - - - -	Jan. 26, '93.
4.	Charlie Baker pronounces in favor of Evolution and stamps Lammie as the missing link,	Jan. 29.
5.	'96 Class Supper, - - - - - - -	Feb. 18.
6.	Long bids us goodbye after " Prexie " writes to Papa, - - - - - - - -	April 13.
7.	Hank goes to Chicago, - - - -	May 27.
8.	Damage to the Chapel fixed at $10,000 by the highest authority. Tommy repairs it for 35 cents, - - - - - - -	June 4.
9.	Davis makes a rush, - - -	Oct. 17.
10.	Carl called on Mabel but she was not at home,	April 21, '94.
11.	Caddie goes fishing up the creek, - - -	May 13.
12.	Wilcox makes a hit in the Brandon game,	May 17.
13.	All but eleven pass in Mechanics, - -	June 21.
14.	The boys begin to look dignified, - -	Sept. 14.
15.	Prof. Howard tells May to leave the boys alone and he'll give her an A, - - - - -	Oct. 30.
16.	Mary escapes from the '97's by jumping out a window, - - - - - - - -	Nov. 3.
17.	Wales pays his coal bill, and the boys call the doctor. He does'nt appear for two weeks,	Feb. 16, '95.
18.	Moore make a flunk in Whatley, - - -	April 19.
19.	The Editor-in-Chief borrows a quarter from the Manager and gets his hair cut, - -	April 27.
20.	Prof. Wright strikes them out in one, two, three order, and the class quit, - -	May 8.

Epilogue.

From high Olympus looking down
We saw you smile, and saw you frown,
We trust you realized our wit,
But fear you're not trained up to it.
You surely never did aspire
To meddle with our Genius fire!
Got burned! We're sorry; but you saw
Our words of warning!

AU REVOIR!

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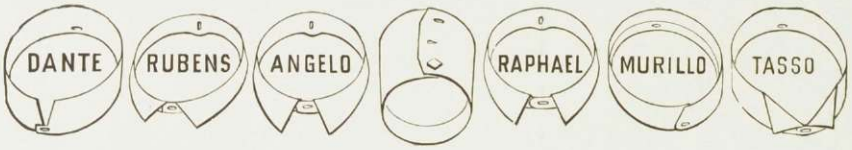

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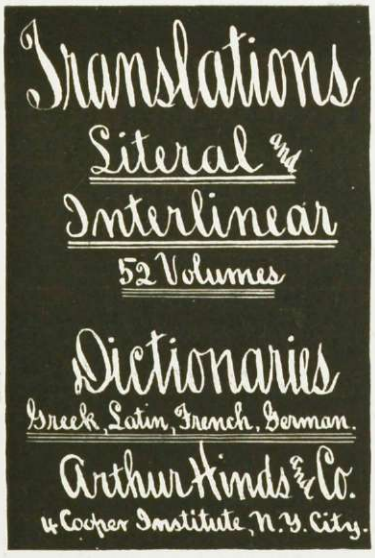

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